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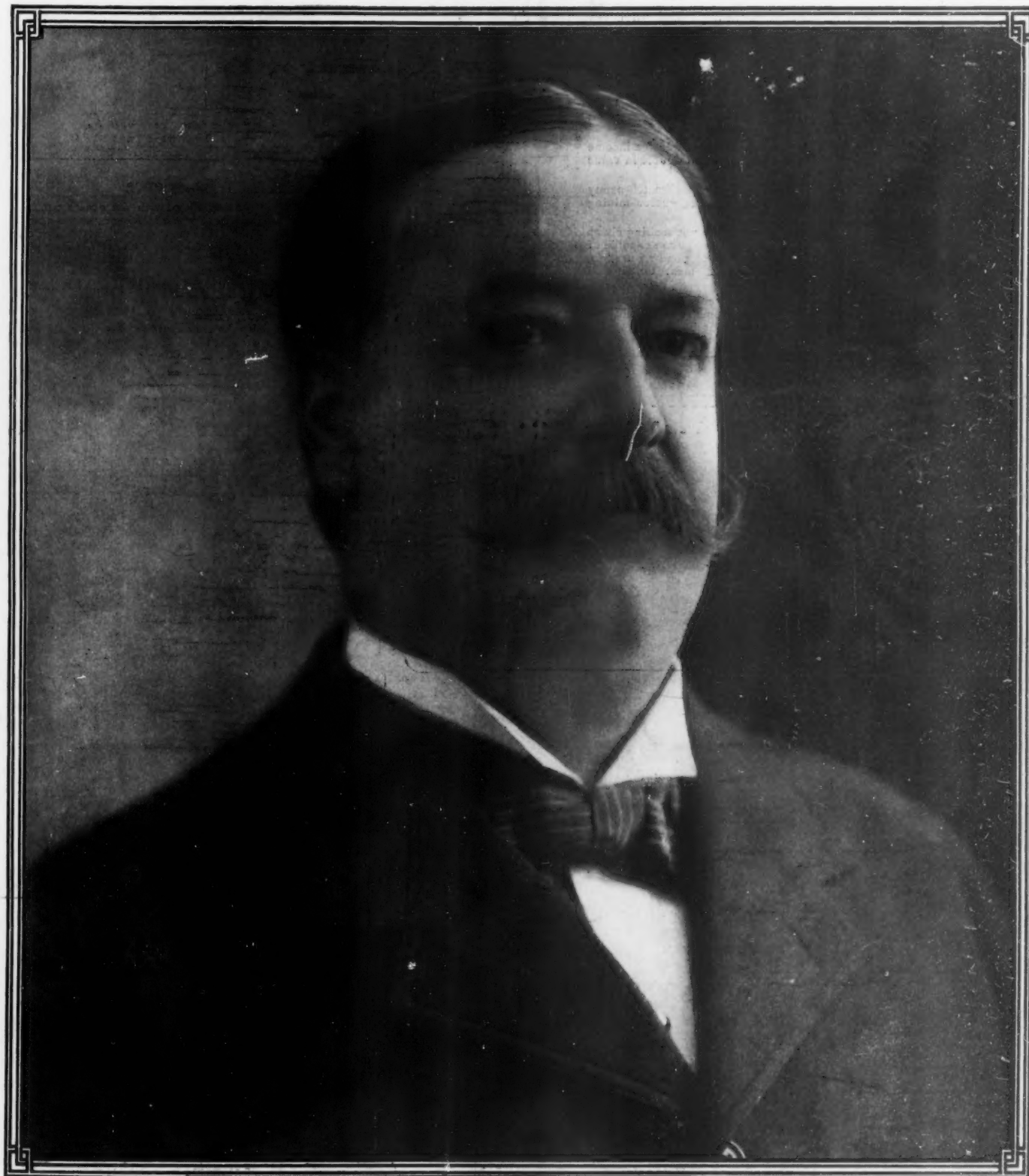
THE ANNEXATION OF CANADA — William T. Stead

COLLIER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL TWENTY-EIGHT NO 18

NEW YORK FEBRUARY 1 1902

PRICE TEN CENTS



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

JUDGE WILLIAM H. TAFT, GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, HAS RETURNED TO THIS COUNTRY FROM MANILA, WHERE FOR MANY MONTHS HE HAS BEEN ADMINISTERING THE AFFAIRS OF THE COLONY AND INVESTIGATING THE PROBLEMS OF AMERICAN CONTROL OF THE FILIPINOS. HIS OFFICIAL REPORT TO THE GOVERNMENT WILL THROW LIGHT ON MANY DUBIOUS QUESTIONS AND CONDITIONS WHICH HAVE PRESENTED APPARENTLY INSOLVABLE PUZZLES TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS

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To those who give us satisfactory references we can offer a permanent position. We can offer a good income to those who can give even a small portion of their time to our business.

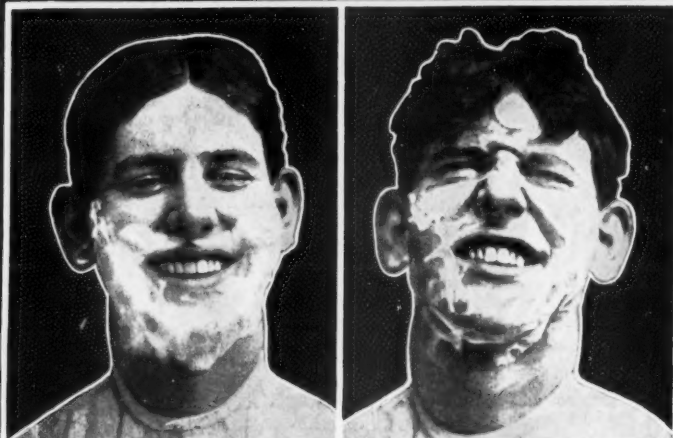
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Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.
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The Prudential

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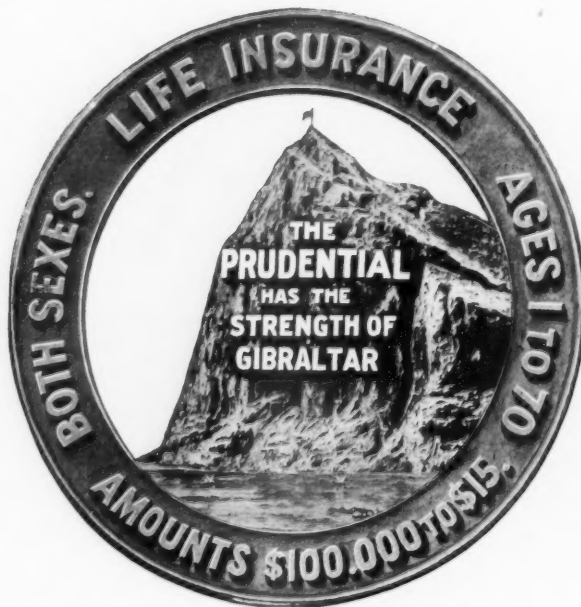
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PUBLISHERS



WEEKLY

Editorial and General Offices 521-547 West 13th St.,
518-524 West 14th St., New York

VOLUME TWENTY-EIGHT
NUMBER EIGHTEEN

NEW YORK : FEBRUARY 1, 1902

TEN CENTS A COPY
\$5.35 PER YEAR

A GENERAL SENTIMENT EXISTS IN CONGRESS IN favor of making a substantial reduction in the Cuban war revenue tax, and it is needless to say that the feeling is heartily approved outside of Congress. The Spanish-American War, including the operations in the Philippines, has cost \$380,000,000, and that is about the amount of estimated receipts from the tax to July 1, 1902.

SENATOR NELSON OF MINNESOTA HAS INTRO-duced a bill in the Senate creating a Department of Commerce with a Secretary sitting in the Cabinet. It is proposed that the new Department shall have control of the Life Saving Service, the Lighthouse Board, the Marine Hospital Service, the Steamboat Inspection Service, the Bureau of Navigation, the United States Shipping Commissioners, the Bureau of Immigration, the Bureau of Statistics, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Census Office, the Patent Office, the Bureau of Foreign Commerce, the Department of Labor, and the Commission of Fish and Fisheries. The bill creates a new Bureau of Manufactures. Most of the bureaus named are taken from the overloaded Treasury Department.

THE BACONIAN THEORY OF THE AUTHORSHIP OF Shakespeare's works will probably have its periods of eruption as long as the human mind remains more susceptible to conjecture than to facts. It is up in great force in England just at present, some literary men of consequence—including W. H. Mallock, an illustrious name wherever empiricism is practiced—having given their approval to a bilateral cipher by which a Mrs. Gallup attempts to prove the weather-beaten heresy. The trouble with this cipher, as with the Donnelly cipher and others, is that it proves that Bacon wrote not only Shakespeare's plays and poems but Spenser's poems, "The Canterbury Tales," "The Innchuan," the King James translation of the Bible, and "Bala's Impossible." This wonderful man sometimes used words that did not come into the language until the nineteenth century. At times he wrote like Dryden, at other times like our Winston Churchill. It is strange that the crazy theory of Delia Bacon should be revived in England, but it is gratifying to remark that belief in the lunacy is almost a monopoly of the half-educated and the lazily credulous. For persons with much brains that way madness lies. Any one who wishes to leave his faith in Shakespeare refreshed without struggling with the ciphers would do well to read the articles in which the late Professor John Fiske treated the subject in a proper spirit of contemptuous levity.

OUR "CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY" ARE SUCH IM-portant men that people are beginning to ponder their duty as moral examples. The President of the Steel Trust went to Monte Carlo the other day and the papers reported that he was rivalling Lord Rosslyn at the roulette and trente quarante tables, and sermons were preached and moral letters written to the papers on the subject. Mr. Schwab felt called upon to declare that he had spent his time driving an automobile along the Riviera—a more expensive and, on the whole, more dangerous sport than gambling. The explanation appeared to satisfy the Stock Exchange. The net result has been profitable to the company that controls the badly managed, evil-smelling gambling hell at Monte Carlo. Last year they were forced by the necessities of the Prince of Monaco to reduce the subventions regularly paid to the Continental newspapers, and the free advertising that has resulted from Mr. Schwab's automobile journey and the adventures of Lord Rosslyn is more than any bribes to the Paris editors could have accomplished.

MR. WHITELAW REID HAS BEEN APPOINTED special ambassador to Great Britain on the occasion of the coronation of King Edward. General James H. Wilson will represent the United States Army and Captain Charles F. Clark of Oregon fame will go as special representative of the Navy. These gentlemen will be accepted by the British Government, but some doubts persist as to whether one of the secretaries will be welcomed. He is a very worthy young man, as the list of clubs of which he is a member must prove, but it is feared that the virtues of the mother will be visited on the head of the son. It appears that some years ago the King, while he was still fancy free as Prince of Wales, invited the mother of the youth to take lunch with him and others but royally omitted the precaution of asking the lady's husband. She declined the invitation in the best manner of an American matron and King

Edward is supposed to cherish a deep resentment of this offence to the gallantry of his belated nonage. The enterprising newspapers have printed the correspondence in full. No one knows who supplied the letters, but the King is suspected.

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION HAS DONE the unexpected by unanimously recommending the purchase of the Panama Canal after practically recommending the Nicaraguan route in the first report. The reason for the change is largely financial, the Panama Company having offered to sell out for \$40,000,000, which is a good deal less than they put in. The report is bound to meet with a storm of opposition in Congress. As we have said, Panama spells bankruptcy and disaster in the minds of the public. On the other hand, the people have been educated to look upon the Nicaraguan as the only possible route. In the circumstances they will find the about-face of the Commission hard to understand.

PRINCE HENRY'S RECEPTION WILL NOT LACK either quantity or heartiness. If half the offers of entertainment were accepted he would have to remain in this country a few years instead of a few days. Among the pleasures to be offered to the Prince are a state dinner at the White House and a special performance of the Opera and a torchlight procession of Germans in New York. The doctors of precedence and ceremony are very busy in Washington these days, and they may be busier still later on, for the Kaiser promises or threatens—one hardly knows which word to use—to follow his brother. There is, however, a fly in the ointment. Some people are suspicious enough to think that the visit is intended as a preliminary of a soothing nature to the declaration of a tariff war by Germany against this country.

PROMINENT PHYSICIANS IN NEW YORK PROTEST against a recent ruling of the Treasury Department debarring consumptive aliens from entering this country. The mover of resolutions submitted to the Academy of Medicine takes the ground that while tuberculosis is communicable it should not be fought by "measures by which additional hardship is imposed upon the consumptive individual, his family and his physician." This is the position taken by COLLIER'S WEEKLY a few months ago when a similar measure was under discussion. The truth is that the "cruelty of fear" is never shown in a more evil guise than in the quarantine measures that arise from an imperfect understanding of the nature of communicable diseases. It would hardly be going too far to say that more suffering, disease and death have been occasioned by quarantine than by contagion.

THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE WAS ELATED the other day by the report that the Premier of the Netherlands had carried a proposal of peace from President Kruger to the British Cabinet. But subsequently Mr. Chamberlain shattered hopes of an early settlement by a speech in Parliament. The terms proposed by Lord Kitchener in his proclamation were considered none too generous, but the Colonial Secretary declared they were more than the Boers can now expect. Since they were rejected the British had lost heavily in lives and treasure and it would be "bad diplomacy" to offer such terms again. So the British take one step more toward a policy of extermination. Chamberlain attempted a comparison of the position of his government with that taken by the United States Government after the War of the Rebellion, but it was not a very effective analogy after the declaration that banishment of the leaders and punishment of rebels will be part of the terms of settlement.

THE ATTEMPT TO REVISE THE EXCISE LAWS IN New York State to permit saloons to remain open on Sunday is meeting with much spirited opposition. Some people are even beginning to question the theory to which all civic reformers seem devoted, that the people of the city want an "open Sunday." The Governor of the State is one of them. He declares that if the project were presented to a popular vote, it would be defeated by a majority of 50,000 in Manhattan alone. Perhaps he is right. At all events, we can hardly believe that there is any such active desire on the part of East Side New York for the opening of "Sunday saloons" as the strange combination of reform associations and brewers' leagues declare. One would think from what they say that improved tenements, clean streets, honest police protection, reduced taxes and other things desired by

the rich are of no importance to the poor if they are denied the great boon of carrying the pitcher through the front door. Where do the civic reformers gain this intimate knowledge of the wants of the East Side—from the poor or from the poor saloonkeeper?

CHICAGO PEOPLE ARE JUSTLY OFFENDED BY the fear of the German Consul that Prince Henry may be assaulted by anarchists while he is in that city. He will be as safe there as he would be in any part of his own dominions. There are more anarchists in Berlin than in Chicago and many times more men who are not anarchists but cherish an active hatred toward existing forms of government. Chicago has a bad name throughout the world as a shelter for the "reds," but it is to a great extent a bad name undeserved. There are crazy individuals in that community as in others who think murder is a short road to the golden age, but the police have always shown that they are capable of handling these madmen when they attempt to put theory into practice. In fact, the police have done so well in this respect that enthusiastic public appreciation has exaggerated their performances by attributing false strength to their foes. Some years ago, in the days following the Haymarket riot, when the public believed that thousands of anarchists were banded together for the destruction of the city, the "secret list of anarchists" prepared by the police department was discovered by a newspaper. It included a few hundred names, and most of the "reds" under surveillance were found to be the mildest of socialists. A number of them were men who had been guilty of no crime more flagrant than an interest in the single-tax movement.

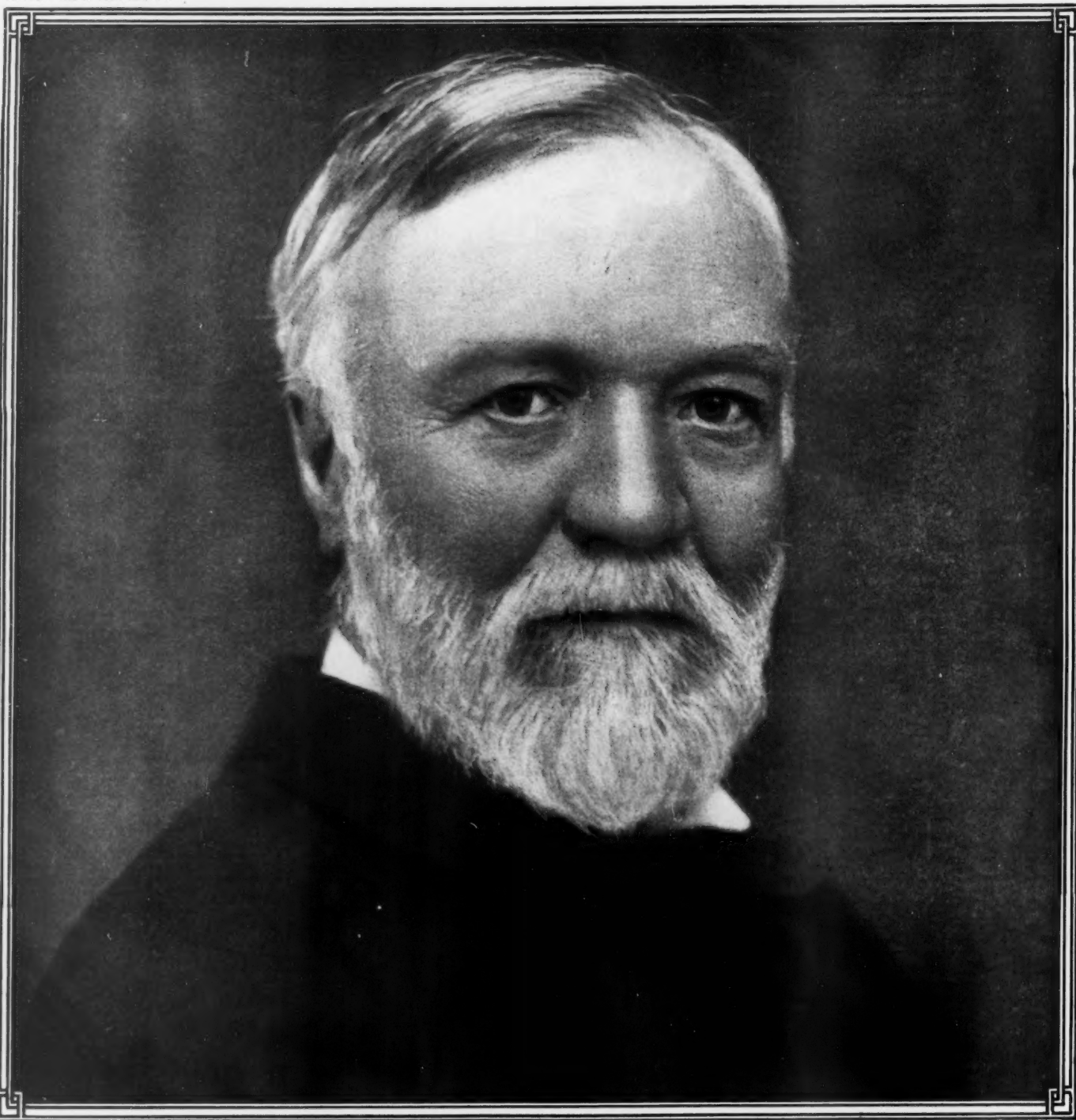
THE PART GREAT BRITAIN PLAYED IN PREVENT-ing the attempted coercion of the United States Government by the Continental powers in 1898 was discussed in the House of Commons last week. In reply to a question, the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs stated that after the rejection of the first attempt to prevent the war the British Government "declined to associate itself with proposals which seemed to be open to the objection of putting pressure on the United States." It is understood that the proposals were made by the Austrian Government with the support of France. This is no more than has been generally known by rumor. Nothing could better prove the thick ignorance of the Continental powers about this country than the fact that the project was ever considered at all. We can imagine what would have happened if England had consented to enter this idiotic concert to apply methods to one of the world-powers that are successful with Greece and unsuccessful with Turkey. If the Spanish War did nothing more than open the eyes of the stupefied Cabinets of Europe to the resources and spirit of this country it has paid for itself a thousand times over.

THE ROW RAISED BY W. E. HENLEY'S ATTACK on Stevenson continues to disturb literary circles. It is a little surprising that this should be so, for Henley grows more "strenuous" as he grows older, and his cock-a-whoop line, "Beneath the bludgeonings of fate, my head is bloody but unbowed," very well expressed the creed of the mildest period of his youth. His capacity for hatred is unlimited, and above all others he hates his friends. This story is told of him: A few years ago a "testimonial" was arranged for him and among the subscribers was Rudyard Kipling, whose talents Henley discovered long before they were apparent to other critics. Kipling sent in a check with the word "only" after the amount. That is a way a good many Englishmen write checks, but Henley was stirred to a passion of rage by what he regarded as an insinuation against his honor and he threw the check into the fire!

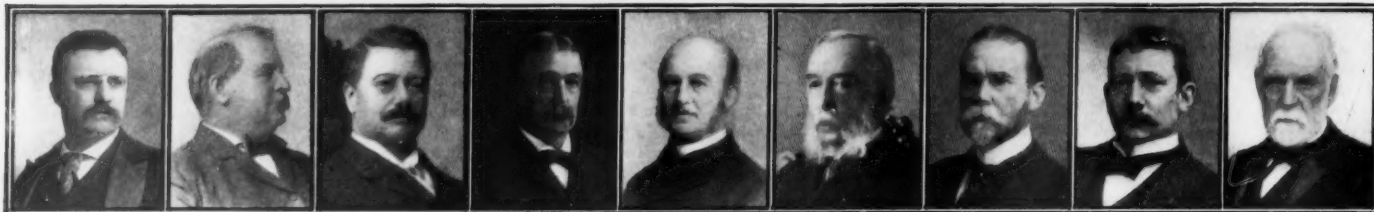
LAST WEEK WE ANNOUNCED, ON THE WORD OF a Washington correspondent, that a special committee to investigate the war in the Philippines had been appointed by the Senate. What happened was that Senator Hoar offered a motion for the selection of such a committee. The motion encountered opposition and aroused considerable feeling, for a Senate committee on the Philippines is now in existence. Whether another is needed or not at this moment is a question. We hear a good deal more about bad treatment of the natives by our troops than we like to hear, and while we hope, and must believe, in the absence of strong proof to the contrary, that the American soldiers are conducting the war in accordance with civilized tradition, the effect of the irritation of bush-fighting with a lower race in a tropical country is too well known to make even the most hopeful feel quite comfortable.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S \$10,000,000 GIFT TO AMERICA

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MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has founded, in the city of Washington, an institute, to co-operate with all other institutions which shall in the broadest and most liberal manner encourage investigation, research and discovery, the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind; provide buildings, laboratories, books and apparatus; afford instruction of an advanced character to all students who desire it and are qualified to receive it; and for many other and kindred purposes. To accomplish this, Mr. Carnegie has deposited \$10,000,000 of five per cent gold bonds with the government, the interest of which may be annually expended. The institute will not be a university in any sense. The exceptional man will be sought, with as much diligence as Diogenes searched for an honest man, and will be aided practically and financially to make his discovery or invention of immediate utility to the human race. A full faculty will be constituted and paid, for which the money is now available, to be governed by a Board of Trustees who will receive salaries. A site for a building will be selected at an early day, and during its construction temporary quarters will be maintained. Institutions of learning, having efficient faculties and equipment, will be aided, when necessary, in experimental work. Original research will be promoted as one of the chief purposes of the institute. Increased facilities for higher education will be offered. Students will be enabled to utilize in Washington the museums, laboratories, libraries, observatories and departments of government. Aid will be given to secure prompt publication and

distribution of the results of scientific investigations. All the objects of the institute are to be obtained by employing able teachers from various institutions to enable men fitted for special work to devote themselves to it by means of salaried fellowships or scholarships; or by means of salaries, with or without pensions in old age; or aid will be given in other forms to such men as continue their special work at seats of learning throughout the world.

One studying the incorporated purposes of the Carnegie Institute appreciates its difference from the Smithsonian Institution and government departments. The liberality of the proposed Carnegie Institute, opening its arms to the vast army of poor and struggling experimenters and inventors, forms a great and noble epoch in the history of philanthropy.

The trustees are: (Ex-officio) The President, Theodore Roosevelt; President of Senate, William P. Frye; Speaker of House, D. B. Henderson; Secretary Smithsonian Institution, S. P. Langley; President National Academy of Sciences, Alexander Agassiz. (Regular) Grover Cleveland, John S. Billings, William N. Frew, Lyman J. Gage, D. C. Gilman, John Hay, Abram S. Hewitt, Henry L. Higginson, Henry Hitchcock, William Lindsay, Charles D. Hutchinson, Seth Low, Wayne MacVeagh, D. O. Mills, S. Weir Mitchell, William W. Morrow, Elihu Root, John C. Spooner, Andrew D. White, Edward D. White, Charles D. Walcott, Secretary, and Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, and Carroll D. Wright. An excellent list of names, even though literature is not so liberally represented.

THE ANNEXATION

OF CANADA

By William T. Stead

WHICH SHALL DO THE ANNEXING?

WHEN ENGLISHMEN discuss the possible pull of the gravitation of the United States upon their Empire they usually confine their remarks to Canada. They do not realize that Canada, being by far the largest and most important of the British-American possessions, would probably be the last to succumb to the continually increasing force of gravitation exercised by its southern neighbor.

Canada alone of all the British colonies in the Western Hemisphere is large enough and strong enough to render its independent existence thinkable even if the protecting arms of Great Britain were withdrawn. All the other colonies would probably drop like ripe plums into Uncle Sam's hat but for their connection with Great Britain.

The Dominion of Canada, however, has ambitions of its own, and is rather inclined to believe that, if annexation is to take place, it would be better for the world if the United States were annexed by Canada rather than Canada by the United States.

The Canadians are the Scotch of the Western Hemisphere, and have just as good an opinion of themselves as our neighbors in North Britain, who to this day resent bitterly any suggestion that the Union which merged Scotland and England in Great Britain was the annexation of the smaller country by the larger. Scotland and England were united first by the golden circlet of the crown when James I. and VI. crossed the Tweed and founded an ill-fated dynasty in Great Britain.

Such monarchical contrivances are not available in the New World. It is probable that the union, if it is to be effected, will be due, not to any golden circlet of the crown, but to the much more prosaic but not less potent agency of the almighty dollar. If the Canadians decide to throw in their lot with the United States, John Bull will not spend one red cent in thwarting their wishes.

As an "independent sister nation," Mr. Chamberlain has publicly declared they have unrestricted liberty of secession from the Empire; for the British Empire is much more loosely compacted together than the American Republic, which welded its States into one organic whole by the great War of the Rebellion. But it is also true that, though no one in the United Kingdom would raise a finger to prevent Canada from acting as she thought best for her own interests, any attempt on the part of the United States to annex the Canadians against their will would be resisted by the whole force of the British Empire.

This is so clearly understood on both sides that no one on the American Continent dreams of taking by force that which could only be valuable if it was tendered by consent. Hence, in discussing the future of Canada we may dismiss altogether from our minds all question of a solution by armed force.

The frontier which divides the Dominion from the Republic is unfortified on either side, but exists by consent of both. Nevertheless, although it is not guarded by soldiers or protected by cannon, it is infested with custom-houses, the disappearance of which would be so great and so palpable a gain that the desire to get rid of them may be regarded as one of the influences which tend in favor of annexation.

THE UNITED STATES VERY UNGRATEFUL TO CANADA

REMEMBER the late Mr. Bayard, just as he was leaving the American Embassy in London, describing to me what he regarded as the unpardonable mistake which was made by the protectionists of the United States at the close of the War of the Rebellion. "No one," he said, "has ever rendered adequate justice to the service which the Union received from the Canadians during the whole of that tremendous struggle. With the exception of one or two ridiculous raids by Confederate sympathizers, we were able to leave the whole of our Northern frontier without a garrison."

"Not only so, but we used Canada as an inexhaustible source of supplies throughout the whole war. Yet when at the close of the war a deputation from the Canadians came to Washington to plead for free access to American markets they were told they could not expect to have the privileges of American citizens unless they came under the American flag. Now, the Canadian can be led, but he cannot be bullied. The deputation, instead of applying for the privileges of American citizenship, went home, federated the Dominion, constructed the Canadian Pacific, and postponed for many years the inevitable union of North America under one flag. A little less selfishness and a little more statesmanship would have brought them all in long ago."

Whether Mr. Bayard was right or wrong in his account of the genesis of what may be called Canadian Nationalism, there can be no doubt that since that date the Canadians have resolutely turned their gaze from Washington to Westminster. There is something almost pathetic in the anxiety of our Canadian fellow subjects to emphasize their loyalty to the Empire.

No one does them the injustice to believe that they really were swept off their feet by any passionate feeling against the Boers when they sent their contingents to assist the mother country in South Africa. They had been waiting for their chance to demonstrate their affection, and they seized it, not caring very much about the merits of the quarrel.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it is true, made eloquent speeches, putting the best face upon the cause in which Canadian blood had been shed, but in order to do so he found it necessary to make protestations as to the liberties and privileges to be extended to the Boers, the realization of which has been postponed to the Greek Kalends. All that they knew, or cared to know, was that England, Mother England, was calling for help. So for England, Mother England, they poured in thousands to South Africa, where they shed their blood without stint.

Last autumn they gave the heir to the throne and his wife

THE THIRD OF THE SHORT SERIES OF BRILLIANT POLITICAL ARTICLES PREPARED FOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" BY THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON "REVIEW OF REVIEWS." PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED: "AMERICA INVADERS GREAT BRITAIN" AND "THE MONROE DOCTRINE"

a welcome as enthusiastic as that which they received in Australia. More than that it would be impossible to say. Surely, then, Canada is in no danger of succumbing to the Americanization which is sweeping everything into the arms of the United States.

The same spirit of loyalty led the Canadian Parliament to take the initiative in establishing the principle of preferential terms for British goods. They could only do this by a side-wind, as it were, offering a reduction of from twenty-five to thirty per cent upon imports from countries which did not tax Canadian goods—a provision which had the practical result of reducing the import duty on British goods from twenty-five to thirty per cent below that levied upon goods imported from the United States.

At the same time the majority of American imports come in free, so that if an average is taken on all the goods imported from the United States and on those imported from the United Kingdom the average tax is still somewhat higher on British goods than on American. The Canadians, however, did their best, and have borne submissively their exclusion by Germany from the most favored nation treatment as the penalty of their attempt to draw closer the ties which link them to Great Britain.

CANADIANS LOYAL, BUT THEY KNOW WHICH SIDE THEIR BREAD IS BUTTERED ON

DOWN to the year 1887 there was a Secession Party in Nova Scotia, but since then there has been no party in any Province of the Dominion that has advocated annexation to the United States. Here and there are annexationists, and those who are in favor of Canadian independence are even more numerous. But, taking them as a whole, Canadians are passionately loyal to the old flag. Nevertheless, this loyalty, although very vehement and very sincere, can hardly be regarded as a sufficient barrier against the all-pervading Americanism which will inevitably bring the Dominion and the Republic into a much closer union than that which at present exists.

The first great force which operates increasingly with potent force is economic. Despite all the efforts of the Laurier Cabinet to encourage British trade at the expense of America, Canada remains the best market of the United States.

Every Canadian—man, woman or child—spends on an average twenty-five dollars a year in the purchase of American goods. The German average is about a guinea a head, while the average sale of American goods in Great Britain is below seven shillings a head. Two-thirds of the American goods purchased by Canadians consist of American manufactures. The total value of American imports into Canada amounts to £22,000,000 sterling. Not only is it large in itself, but it is increasing. In 1875, of all Canada's purchases abroad fifty per cent came from Great Britain.

As this percentage began to drop the experiment of the preferential duty was tried, but failed to arrest the decrease. In 1897 the proportion of British imports had dropped to twenty-six per cent and in 1900 to twenty-five per cent. In 1875 the United States sold to Canada forty-two per cent of her total imports; in 1897 this had risen to fifty-five per cent, and in 1900 to over sixty per cent. The United States, therefore, notwithstanding the preferential duty, has more than taken the position which we occupied with the Canadian purchaser in 1875.

It was inevitable that this should be so. The United States is close at hand; the Canadians are American in their tastes, and goods prepared for the American market find a ready sale across the frontier. It is a remarkable fact, in view of all that is being talked to-day about the value of the Central and South American markets, that the Canadians, who are only 5,500,000 in number, buy more goods from the United States than are purchased by all the inhabitants of all the Central and South American republics that are to be found between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn. The bulk of the Canadian exports to the United States consists of raw materials—lumber and the like—in return for which she takes the goods manufactured in American mills and factories.

The Americans are keenly alive to the importance of developing this trade, and one of the first deputations which President Roosevelt had to receive was that organized by the Boston Chamber of Commerce in favor of reciprocity with Canada. What the Boston business men fear is that unless something is done in the way of reducing American taxes on Canadian imports the Canadians will either increase the duties upon American goods or redouble their efforts to induce Great Britain to adopt the principle of a preferential tariff in favor of colonial and against foreign and American goods. The only three interests in the United States that appear to be offering any serious opposition are the lumber interests of the Northwest, the bituminous coal miners of Maryland and West Virginia, and the fishermen of Gloucester.

President Roosevelt returned a sympathetic but non-committal answer to the deputation.

MAY ANNEX CANADA BY DEPOPULATION OR COLONIZATION

THE interchange of commodities between two communities speaking the same language and living on either side of an imaginary line is only one of the economic forces that would make for union. For many years past there has been

a steady stream of emigration from Canada to the United States.

There are very few Canadian families who have not one or more relatives who have gone to seek their fortunes in the great American cities or on the fertile prairies of the United States. There are more emigrants from Canada in the United States in proportion to their population than from any other country. The richer and more developed lands to the south have an irresistible attraction for the more enterprising and ambitious Canadians.

When Mr. Dryden, the Minister of Agriculture in Ontario, invested his money in farming he put it into a ranch in Dakota. Of late years a growing tendency has been observable for the tide of emigration to flow the other way. In the Northwest there are still vast areas of good land to be had for next to nothing. Naturally, as the land to the south fills up, settlers will cross the frontier, and the process of colonization from the States will steadily Americanize the Northwest.

There is little or no difference in the social and political conditions of the settlers, so it is as natural for them to cross and recross the frontier as it is for people in Sussex to cross into Hampshire, or vice versa. Thus there are being woven across and across, from side to side of the invisible frontier line, ties which tend to weave the two communities into one.

In addition to the influence of commerce and of emigration there is another force which may be still more potent. I refer to the fact that the great American capitalists, ever on the lookout for fresh fields in which to invest their millions, have begun to develop on a great scale the immense mineral resources which are as yet practically untapped in the Canadian Dominion. American capital is pouring into the country.

Few things have attracted more attention in recent industrial development than the extent to which American capitalists are investing their money in the exploitation of the immense and almost virgin resources of Canada. The industrial annexation of the Dominion is in full swing. The Vanderbilt railway combination has taken in hand the development of the enormous coal and iron district of Nova Scotia, and proceeds in the campaign with that combination of restless energy and methodical preparation that characterize the great American Trusts.

Further west, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, under an American president, with a capital of over \$20,000,000, has established one of the most gigantic steel works in the world at Sault Ste. Marie on Lake Superior. In this exploitation of Canadian resources by American capital the Parliament of the Dominion has interested itself actively. A land grant of over 5,000,000 acres, a subsidy of £200,000 for real construction and contracts for £1,000,000 worth of rails to be delivered in the next five years, have given the company confidence. It is going ahead. Americans are setting the pace in the Dominion.

THE DOMINION MAY BE DEVoured BY THE TRUST OGRE

RUMORS from time to time appear in the newspapers that this or the other combination of American millionaires have decided to acquire a controlling interest in Canada's one great railway, the Canadian Pacific; but although these remain rumors there is every reason to expect that the men who have engineered the great combinations which exist in order to bar out competition will not long abstain from an attempt to control the great inter-oceanic railway by which the Canadians have linked together the Atlantic and the Pacific.

But dismissing this as a mere possibility of the future, we have sufficient evidence to prove that American capital is ever tending to acquire more and more interest in the development of Canadian resources. Commerce, emigration and investments all tell in the same direction with an automatic and persistent force which is not materially affected by political agitation.

Sir Hiram Maxim told me the other day that when he was last in Canada he had been approached by some owners of valuable deposits and water privileges to assist them in placing their property upon the British market. They expatiated upon the intrinsic value of the property which they had to dispose of and, finally, by way of a crowning inducement, they said to him, "This property is worth \$200,000,000, but when annexation comes it will be worth 200,000,000 pounds sterling."

"What!" said Sir Hiram, "I thought you were all enthusiastic loyalists."

"We are loyal to the Empire," was the reply, "but we all know that annexation will come some day, and when it comes it will much more than double the value of our property."

We now pass to consider the influences which are partly economic and partly political that point in the same direction. There are at least two—one at each extremity of the Dominion. The first is the long-standing and almost insoluble dispute about the fisheries on the Atlantic Seaboard. The quarrels between the fishermen of Nova Scotia and the fishermen of Massachusetts have been for many years a fertile source of friction.

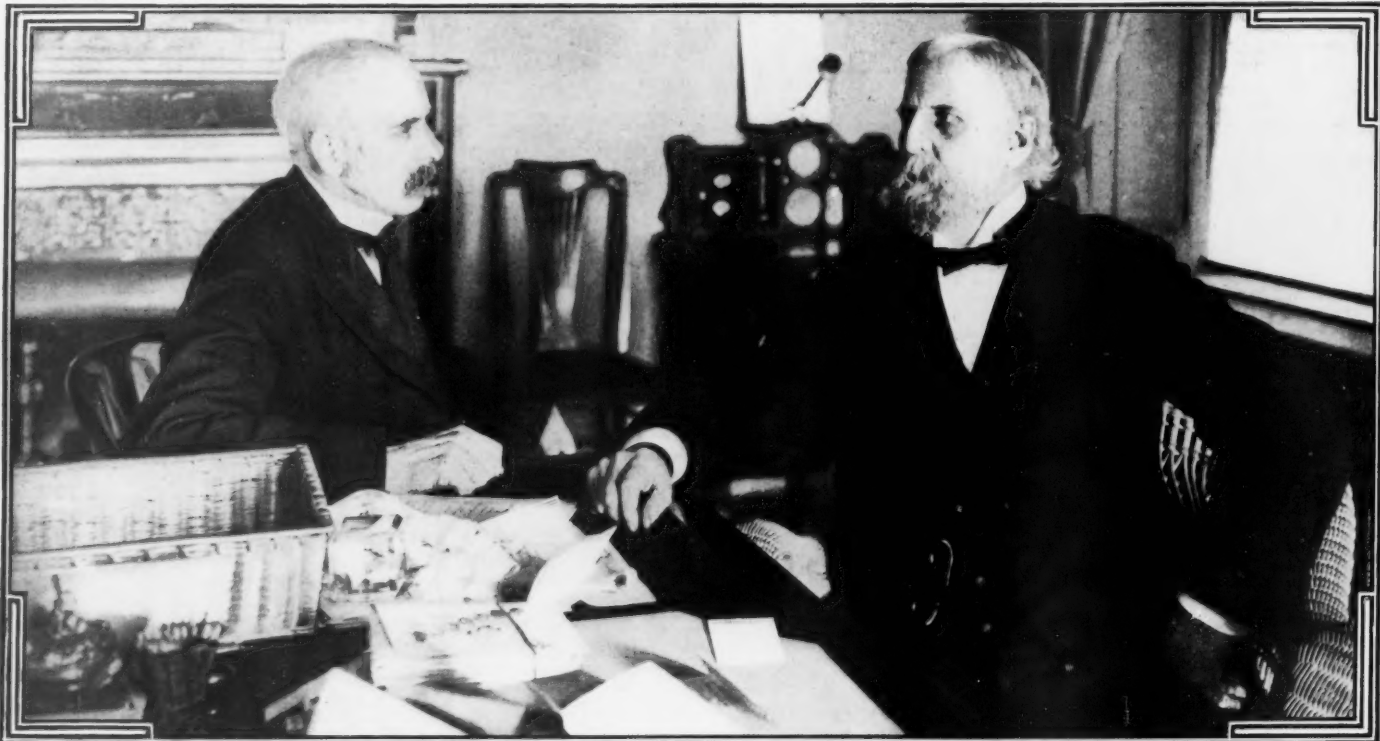
The Canadians bitterly resent any poaching by American fishermen in Canadian waters. Collisions between the Canadian and New England fishermen have created so much ill-feeling in the past that the fishery dispute has been one of the standing dishes at every Anglo-American repast. For some years now a *modus vivendi* has been in existence, which avoids any of the old irritating incidents of the capture and confiscation of American ships within the three-mile limit; but the difficulty is not settled. It has only been postponed.

So acute was the trouble at one time that Mr. Edward Atkinson, in 1887, brought before the New York Chamber

(CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE)

A Conference between Secretary Gage and Governor Shaw

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SECRETARY GAGE, CHIEF OF THE TREASURY UNDER PRESIDENT McKINLEY, AND GOVERNOR SHAW, THE NEWLY APPOINTED SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY UNDER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, HOLDING A CONFERENCE ABOUT FINANCIAL MATTERS IN SECRETARY GAGE'S OFFICE

of Commerce a proposal that the United States should purchase from the Dominion of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island for the sum of £10,000,000, which he estimated was about the share in the Canadian debt for which these provinces were responsible. The suggestion came to nothing, but that it was made is significant. It shows that the Americans who bought Alaska from Russia are quite capable of attempting to settle other territorial difficulties in the same commercial fashion.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE IN THE GOLD COUNTRY

THE other difficulty resulted from the discovery of gold on the Klondike. The Canadians naturally wished to have access to their gold fields without passing through an American custom-house. The Americans, on the other hand, maintained that until gold was discovered the Canadians themselves recognized that Skagway, which may be regarded as the ocean gate of Klondike, was part and parcel of the United States, and they resent the attempt of Canada to possess herself of an open door to the sea as an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine and as an attempt to aggrandize the British Empire at the cost of the American Republic.

The proposal to settle this dispute by arbitration miscarried, owing to the short-sighted objection taken by our Foreign Office to the American proposition that in such arbitration the umpire should be chosen from the New World, which means that he should be either a Central American or a South American.

In considering the probable future of Canada one salient fact can never be overlooked. Canada is not a homogeneous English-speaking community. The province of Quebec is essentially French in speech and Catholic in religion, and although loyal to the Empire, which loyalty is the result of the liberal policy adopted as the result of Lord Durham's mission, yet it jealously preserves its essential French nationality. It is indeed a foreign nation within a British Dominion, and its existence materially complicates the question under consideration. There are some who advocate annexation on the ground that the French are too large and too compact a mass of non-English-speaking men to be assimilated or absorbed by so small a community as that which inhabits the Canadian Dominion. If they were cast into the continental crucible of the United States instead of being a separate nationality their cultivation of French would be a mere local peculiarity of no more importance than the obstinacy with which some German and Norwegian colonists in Minnesota persist in refusing to use the English tongue.

"THE MOTHER COUNTRY" HANDLES CANADA WITH GLOVES

THAT the Canadians, French and English alike, are loyal is the fortunate result of the common-sense and resolution of our Whig statesmen, who, by the display of those qualities of statesmanship which have been so conspicuously lacking in South Africa, converted a French-speaking Roman Catholic Province, steeped in sedition and seething with rebellious discontent, into one of the most devoted colonies of the Empire.

The secret is simple. We left them alone, allowing them to do for themselves as they thought best, but even now the appointment of such a Governor-General as Lord Milner would drive the whole of Quebec wild with alarm and suspicion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal Prime Minister of the Dominion, has never lost a chance of emphasizing the fact that Canada is not only a colony and a Dominion; Canada, he says, is a nation, and as such claims the rights of nationhood.

It may be said that the French-Canadians may be very enthusiastic to be annexed, but that the citizens of the United

States would be much less eager to welcome Canada within the pale of the Union. What Americans think on the question of the future of Canada is not difficult to discern. One and all would disclaim any attempt to annex Canada against her will, but one and all regard absorption as her inevitable destiny, and while they would not hasten the hour when the frontier line disappears they would rejoice to see the Union Jack disappear from the Western Continent.

The permanent factor which always occasions irritation on the part of the Americans is the fact that they can neither deal with Canada alone nor with Great Britain alone. Americans, it may be quite erroneously, are of opinion that if Great Britain were out of the way and they had to deal with Canada alone they would very soon come to terms, but they resent the Spenslow & Jorkins arrangement by which one of the partners always shelters behind the other. Canada, however, absolutely refuses to be left out of the negotiations on questions which primarily concern her own interests. Upon this subject Mr. Carnegie, writing in the "Contemporary Review" in November, 1897, said:

CANADA PRACTICALLY A "FREE NATION," SAYS MR. CARNEGIE

"AMBASSADOR PAUNCEFOTE and Secretary of State Blaine, years ago, agreed upon a settlement of the Bering Sea question, and Lord Salisbury telegraphed his congratulations, through Sir Julian Pauncefote, to Mr. Blaine. The two nations were jointly to police the seas and stop the barbarous destruction of the female seals. Canada appeared at Washington and demanded to see the President of the United States upon the subject. Audience was denied to the presumptuous colony; nevertheless, her action forced Lord Salisbury to disavow the treaty. No confidence here is violated, as President Harrison referred to the subject in a message to Congress. Britain was informed that if she presumed to make treaties in which Canada was interested, without her consent, she would not have Canada very long. It will be remembered that Canada took precisely the same position in regard to international copyright. It is this long-desired treaty-making power which Canada has recently acquired for herself, at least as far as concerns fiscal policy, so that she needs no longer consult her suzerain. She can now appear at Washington and insist upon being received when new tariff measures are desired, having suddenly become a 'free nation,' according to her Prime Minister. There are surprises in store here for the indulgent mother."

Our permanent difficulty, that of inducing the Canadians to accept what we consider a legitimate compromise but what they are apt to regard as an indefensible sacrifice of their vital interests, will certainly not have been diminished by recent events. The Canadians will feel and say that they did not storm Paardeberg in order that Great Britain should give away their right to Skagway, or their fishery monopoly for imperial considerations in which they have very remote interest. If we insist, they will sulk, and Mr. Carnegie's foreboding prophecy may be realized. There will be no rupture, but the silken tie will be strained, and in proportion as it is weakened the pull of the economic forces making for union will be increased.

The Canadians are at present smarting under a severe disappointment. The party in power, after having for some years fostered emigration and developed trade relations with the mother country, confidently expected that the census would reveal a great increase in the population. In 1891 the census figures were 4,823,875. In 1901 it was hoped that they would report a population of 6,000,000. Imagine the dismay occasioned by the discovery that there were only 5,338,833 residents in the Dominion.

The whole Dominion in ten years has added to its population about the same number of citizens as were added in the same period to the single State of Minnesota. Of the 513,000 added to the population of Canada, 306,000 are to be found west of Ontario. The population of Ontario itself is virtually stationary, an increase of two per cent being neither here nor there.

ULTIMATE ALLIANCE IS INEVITABLE

WHAT is to be hoped for is that, when the inevitable union takes place, it will be brought about with the hearty consent and concurrence of the mother country, even if the mother country herself does not set the example to Canada by taking the initiative in promoting that race alliance toward which everything seems to point. Should such a union take place it is probable there would be considerable simplification of the somewhat curious political arrangements now existing in the Canadian Dominion. Decentralization and Home Rule are very good things, but they may be carried too far, and eight separate Parliaments with eight separate executives seem a somewhat excessive allowance for a population that is not much in excess of the population of Greater London.

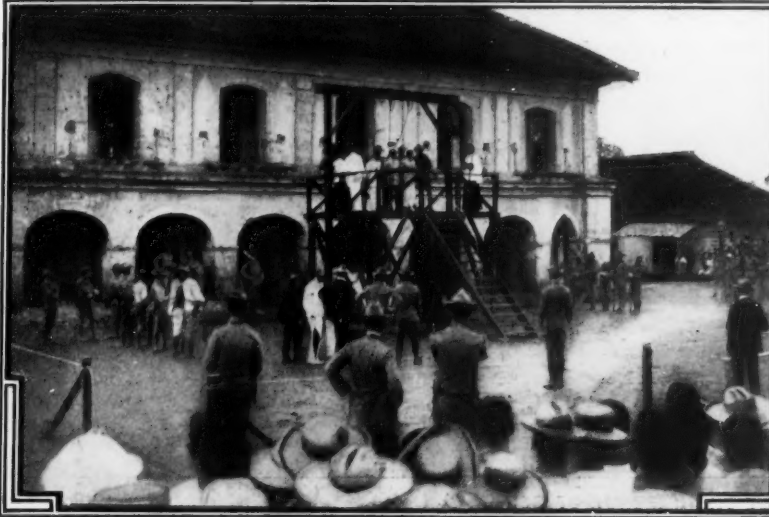
Although both the American and Canadian Constitutions are based upon the federal principle there is considerable difference in the way in which this principle is applied. In the United States the federal power is strictly defined. The Congress at Washington has power to legislate on but certain specified subjects. All others not specially reserved for the central power are left to be dealt with according to the sovereign will of each of the federated States. In Canada the problem is approached from the other end. The powers of the Provincial Parliaments are strictly defined, while the undefined residue is left to the Parliament of the Dominion. The Canadian judiciary is federal throughout the whole Dominion, and the judges are not elective. In the United States the judiciary is both federal and local, and the local judges are elected by popular vote. Laws of banking, of commerce and of marriage are federal in the Dominion and are left to the States in the Republic. It is extremely difficult to amend the American Constitution, whereas the Canadian Constitution can be amended without much difficulty. When there is a dispute between the local authorities or between the provincial government and the federal government, there is an appeal in the last instance to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London. In the United States the Supreme Court at Washington is the final authority.

—AND PROMISES TO PURIFY AMERICAN POLITICS, IN PART

IN MANY respects the Canadian administration, especially that part which concerns the welfare of Indians, compares favorably with that of the United States. The contrast between the administration of justice in mining districts in Canada and in the United States has frequently been commented upon by the Americans themselves. There is none of the free shooting in the Canadian mining camps which used to be so characteristic of California. The same men who were ready to shoot at sight in California and Colorado no sooner crossed the forty-ninth parallel of latitude than they recognized that free shooting was contrary to the law of the land and that no one had a pull which was good for anything with the Canadian justices.

These questions of detail, although interesting and important, are not vital, except in so far as they tend to show that if the Dominion and the Republic are ever to be merged in one greater union both parties to the marriage will bring an ample dowry, both moral and material, to the common stock.

The Last Military Execution in the Philippines, at Pasig



THE EXECUTION OF CALEDONIE JAVIER, PABLO ANORMA AND SANTIAGO GADAPI, known as the Tay-tay murderers, took place at eleven o'clock on the morning of December 5, 1901, on the Plaza at Pasig. Though proven that each of the men was guilty of several murders, on the scaffold they behaved abjectly. One of them pleaded for respite, because of

his claim that he had killed "only one person"! There was a large body of natives present at the execution, but they viewed it stolidly, and much in the light of an entertainment gotten up for their amusement by the "Americanos." Pasig is one of the pacified portions of Luzon, and is eighteen miles from Manila on the Pasig River.

The Beautiful "Ivory City" at Charleston, South Carolina

TO THE TRAVELLER who arrives within the portals of the small and ancient city of Charleston, the "Ivory City," formally known as the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition, seems a veritable miracle. It is an odd thing that it is this little old-world town, whose water-front was once piled high with cotton bales and famous for its now depleted shipping, that should be the first to hold an exposition "to inaugurate new industries and commerce; to help open new foreign markets, particularly in the West Indies; to begin the twentieth century of the Christian era with the arts of peace."

Hardly two miles from the business centre of the city and within the corporate limits of Charleston, the tract of land on which the Court of Palaces is built is known to all Charlestonians as the "Old Washington Racecourse," and evokes

rich memories of the South Carolina Jockey Club, one of the oldest in the United States. Two big stone pillars, carefully fenced, still stand as mementoes of those brave days of old. The wide-spreading Midway, with its staring signs, its grotesque architecture, its vivid and piquant atmosphere, its semi-Oriental, wholly foreign, yet at the same time abounding in American ways, occupies a part of this land, and the Court of Palaces, consisting of the Cotton Palace, the Palace of Commerce or Liberal Arts Building, and the Palace of Agriculture, or South Carolina State Building, with their connecting colonnades, also stands upon a part of the same tract. These three buildings, with the colonnades between, form a semicircle which covers quite a mile in length. They look down upon the charming Sunken Garden, set like a jewel in its mirror-like lake, edged round with dolphins and

shells, and upon a wide plaza, across which may be seen the splendid Auditorium. Just in front of the Cotton Palace a spacious pergola casts an inviting shade. Here comfortable seats and neighborly bits of statuary suggest a classic repose, and afford a fine opportunity for a study in detail of the Spanish Renaissance and Spanish Mission effects so happily combined in all these beautiful buildings.

The Exposition has been open since December 1. The racing began December 16 and will continue throughout the Exposition period. Many "events" already have filled the weeks since Opening Day. Other "Days" have been set apart for many future events of all sorts—social, educational, military, etc. But the greatest day of all, no doubt, will be February 12, when the President of the United States, in company with his family, will visit the Exposition.



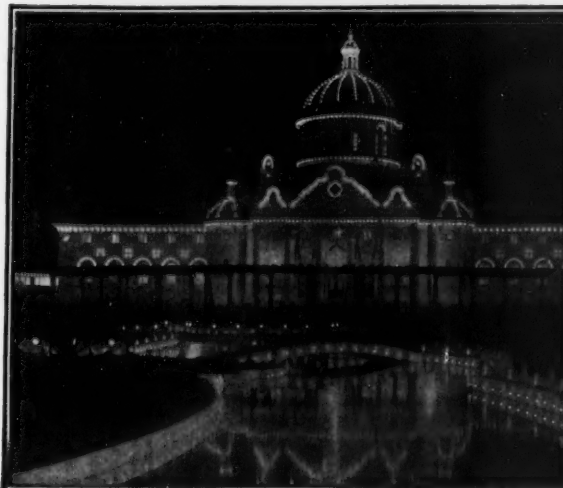
FRONT VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM—ADMINISTRATION BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE



CORNER OF ART PALACE, SHOWING GROUP FROM DEWEY ARCH



A MARVEL OF THE EXPOSITION. THE SUNKEN GARDEN—AUDITORIUM IN THE DISTANCE



THE COTTON PALACE ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT AND REFLECTED IN THE LAKE ROUND THE SUNKEN GARDEN



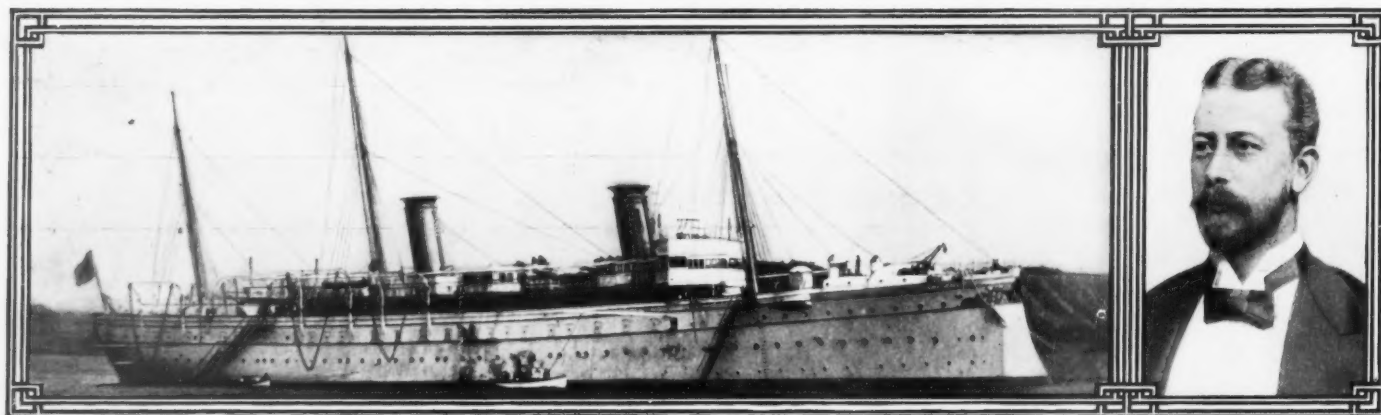
PHILADELPHIA BUILDING, HOME OF THE FAMOUS "LIBERTY BELL"



DAYLIGHT VIEW OF THE COTTON PALACE, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EXHIBITS

The Visit to America of H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," Etc., Etc.



"HOHENZOLLERN," THE ROYAL YACHT OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY

PRINCE HENRY

WHEN WILLIAM II. ascended the Imperial German Throne in 1888 his first care was to pay visits of friendship or courtesy to his various neighbors. He left out France because that nation gave him clearly to understand that it did not wish to show him any civilities—at that time. In this list of imperial visits the United States was conspicuous by its absence, although at the time of the Chicago World's Fair every effort was made to induce the German Empire to be represented by a member of the Emperor's household.

The excuse that America lies across the Atlantic has no value save for diplomatic purposes, for *Hohenzollern* required many more days to steam from Germany to Constantinople than she can possibly consume in the run from Southampton to New York.

The Kaiser chose to regard the Sultan as his equal, to pay him a personal visit—because there were many German interests involved in Turkey, notably concessions for railways and contracts for military supplies. For the same kind of reason the German Emperor has visited many minor States—Greece, Sweden, Norway. It took *Hohenzollern* longer to steam to Athens than it will take her to come to New York—yet that was managed without difficulty.

It is interesting to note that the arranged visit of Prince Henry comes at the moment when we appear to be at the culmination of a period of commercial irritation that has been going on from the accession of the present Emperor to this day.

Bismarck gave full voice to this policy; and he sincerely expressed the opinion of the class which he eminently represented—the landlord interest, the feudal aristocracy, the so-called Junker party. Since the accession of William II. there has been but one Prime Minister animated by generous political sentiments—that was Caprivi. But Caprivi was fairly hounded out of office by the Landlord or Junker party, who raised such a din at court that the Emperor, from sheer desire of peace in his household, got rid of his faithful servant—a loss that Germany is not likely soon to make good.

The visit of Prince Henry has great political significance, for it marks the moment when the German Emperor advertises to the world his opinion on the subject of the United States. He now officially discovers America—gives public notice that he is prepared to treat her as on a level with Germany—a world power—an Imperial Republic, or a Republican Empire—whichever you please. Hitherto the United States has played a feeble rôle in Germany. This has been owing largely to the fact that we have sent to Berlin as our diplomatic representatives men who compared unfavorably with our present Ambassador, Mr. White. I have met a succession of our representatives at the Berlin Court who not only could speak no Ger-

man but could not even talk French, in fact could not make themselves understood anywhere save at the British legation. Germans in official life judge of a country by the representatives it sends abroad, and in our case we have sent many who were very poor representatives of American social life.

Then as to our army. Speaking for the first ten years of this Emperor's reign, we have sent to Berlin to represent us in a military capacity a succession of young officers who could speak neither German nor French, who had had no experience in their profession, who had a rank inferior to that of their colleagues, and who on more than one occasion made Germans ask if we had really such a thing as a regular army.

For the last ten or fifteen years the German press has been encouraged by the government to give prominence to all news and comment adverse to America, in order to cultivate a repugnance to all things American, and thus indirectly encourage Germans to emigrate to German colonies rather than to the United States.

Von Bülow has defended this policy in the Reichstag, so let us be frank about it. Germany has for years systematically sought to place obstructions in the way of American exporters of foodstuffs: one day they pretend to have discovered a bacillus in pork, another day they find a microbe in a barrel of American apples, next time they think that a tin of salmon should be taxed as "hardware"—in short, their custom house swarms with men of science whose happiness consists in discovering means for evading the plain letter of our existing commercial treaties, of excluding our commerce on sanitary if not on commercial grounds.

Of course we invite this sort of treatment by the barbarous manner in which we tax imports from Germany. I do not defend our system; on the contrary, I am convinced that we should lower our tariff to a point at which it would produce a moderate revenue without any thought of protection. We are now old enough to get on without protection. So far as I have studied our industrial conditions, protectionism has ever been a false friend to the workingman, a handy tool for the speculator and political jobber.

There is no sentiment wasted in German politics, and when the German Government solemnly sends an embassy to this country, after thinking it over for a dozen years, it is for us to receive it in the same spirit. We shall all rejoice in doing honor to Prince Henry. He is not a politician; he is a bluff seaman—a man who is never so happy as when sailing his yacht in a gale of wind across the choppy seas of the Baltic. He is the pattern of a domestic man, devoted to his wife and children, fond of outdoor sport and wholly averse to anything in the nature of scheming. He comes to this country not of his own motion, but as an officer in the navy of his Imperial Majesty. He is under orders to sail on such a date, to report

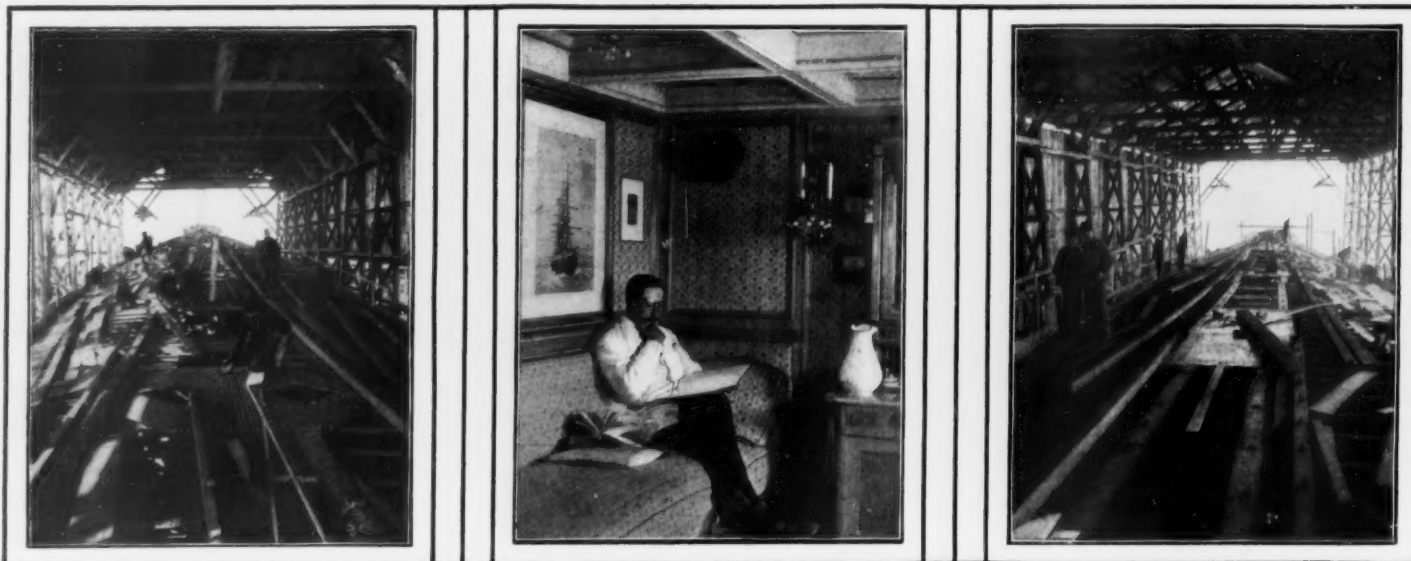
at such and such places, to see such and such people, and to report on his return home.

The German Emperor wants to know something about America, and at the same time he feels that the time has come to stem the tide of ill-will which has been rising all round and which threatens in the not distant future to embroil us in war.

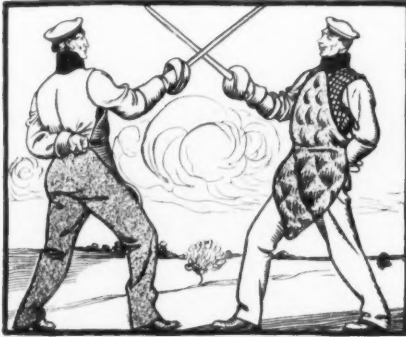
During the Spanish War I took pains to inquire, while in Manila, regarding the attitude of the German navy toward Admiral Dewey: my interest was of a purely historic nature. Germany at that time showed clearly that she was our enemy, that she cultivated the friendship of Spain, that she sought opportunity of hampering our movements in the Philippines. Indeed, if Dewey had done nothing more than offer to fight Admiral Diederichs he has done something which entitles him to the gratitude of his country, for by that one act of timely energy he taught Germany a lesson whose good fruits we enjoy to-day.

The visit of Prince Henry will do us much good in Germany, for it will tell the German nation, in a manner that cannot be misunderstood, that we delight in showing hospitality to the brother of their Emperor. It will show Germany, that though Germans expatriate themselves for the purpose of bettering their condition, they still cherish warm feelings toward the mother country. The world will have an object lesson as to the size and power of this country; for, if he chooses, Prince Henry can make throughout our land a triumphal procession that will last six months, that will show him more people in comfortable circumstances than he could see in any part of Europe; he can, if he chooses, talk more German here than he could in Germany; he can be entertained by German societies all the way from New York to the Pacific, and from Minneapolis to New Orleans.

He will then be able to carry back to his imperial brother the true reason why German colonization is a failure—why the German does not follow his flag—why he prefers to come to America rather than settle in Kiao Chow or any other German colony. He will see Germans throughout the United States filling political positions of importance, directing great enterprises and holding the first position in the social life of their respective communities. He will ask them why they do not come home and settle in the Fatherland. And I can hear their answer: "What! I settle in Germany? No such fool. *Nicht so dumm!* Here I am a man of importance because I am a citizen, a prosperous merchant, a respected member of society. In Germany my social position would be inferior to that of the youngest lieutenant in the army. *Ich danke*—thank you kindly. I travel in Germany with great pleasure, but my home and the future of my children is under the Stars and Stripes!"

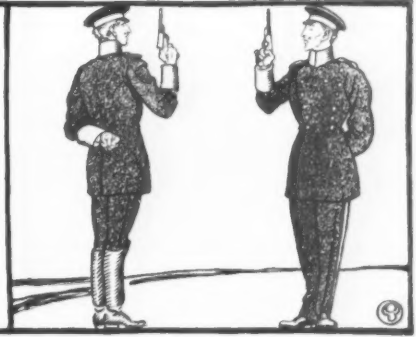


A BOW AND STERN VIEW OF EMPEROR WILLIAM'S NEW AMERICAN YACHT "METEOR," NOW BUILDING AT SHOOTER'S ISLAND, STATEN ISLAND, AND THE EMPEROR IN HIS CABIN ABOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN" AT KIEL



Duelling in GERMANY

by
Ray Stannard Baker
Author of "Seen in Germany"



NE WHO KNOWS anything of German life may be excused for doubting the reports, based on the recent duelling fatalities, that the Kaiser is really going to abolish the time-honored "mensur." We Americans are accustomed to look upon the German duel as the most barefaced of follies. Yet the German will argue his duel against our football or our pugilism and make out a pretty good case. At least he will convince us that we have wholly misapprehended the position which the mensur occupies among the institutions of the Fatherland.

I heard an American tourist who had been listening with wonder to an account of a bloody mensur make the remark: "What quarrelsome fellows those German students must be!"

Quarrelsome! Not a bit of it. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a more peaceful, ceremonious, beer-drinking, song-singing lot than the average German student community. A duel presupposes a deadly offence, a challenge, and a bloody resolve on both sides that honor

be vindicated, and so on. I suppose there was a time in the hoary past when all German duels began in that way, and occasionally one does yet. But the duel growing popular, and the German being by nature peaceful, it was difficult to find suitable offences for all those who wished to fight. As a result the German deliberately made up his mind to fight any way, and to-day most of the duels are "arranged" in cold blood by committees from the student "corps" or societies and men are designated to fight each other, whether or no, very much as our college classes select football teams. In some cases there is still an effort to secure a real offence, one student deliberately treading on the tail of another's dog, at which both glare ceremoniously, and notes are exchanged; but even this is often regarded as unnecessary.

In most of the German universities there is a regular duelling day, usually Saturday, with regular schedules of fights, beginning as early as eight o'clock in the morning and sometimes continuing all day long. These fights are held at little inns, usually in the country some miles from the university, and between times the students drink beer and eat sausage. A student who dons the colored cap of a corps is expected to fight sooner or later, and should he refuse he would fall instantly into disgrace.

What can you expect? The professors in the universities, many of them, wear the scars of students' conflicts and are proud of them; great officers of state bear the same insignia; even the Kaiser himself is said to have fought duels while at Bonn, and more than once has he expressed his approval of this method of producing fearless men. Some of the universities have regular instructors in sword practice who, though they are supposed to frown on the duel, in reality train the students how best to comport themselves when they meet on the sandied canvas. Moreover, duelling is a most ancient and respected institution, honored by the grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the present generation. Students will show you with pride corps rooms where duels have been fought for one hundred and fifty years. Such an institution as this is not pulled out by the roots in a day.

I had a notion when I went first to see a student duel that they were serio-comic affairs—after the manner perhaps of the French duel, in which, though the fighters looked fierce enough, there was rarely any injury done. I was never more mistaken. It was a big, low, raftered room in an ancient country "gasthof" some three miles from the university. On the floor was a strip of smutty canvas and the ceiling above was spattered with dry blotches of blood; blood was even sprinkled on the windows and side walls six or eight feet away. I will not enter into a description of the armoring and padding of the fighters, nor of the short, razor-sharp swords they carried, nor of the student surgeons with long white aprons who came in with bowls of carbolic-acid solution and disinfected the swords while the fighters faced each other. To an outsider it was all humorous enough, then appalling, then sharply disgusting.

The students stood sword-length apart and fought for thirty rounds, cutting each other frightfully—long gashes through the cheek, splits across the scalp, bits of ear "knicked"

off, and once I saw a student spit out a bit of tooth which his opponent's sword, ripping through his lip, had chipped off. Between each round the surgeons stepped up, bound the wounds with bandages and cotton, and then the fighters went at it again, until their faces, shoulders, half-bare backs and armor literally dripped with blood. Sometimes the losses of blood are so severe that the fighter faints, and that ends the duel. The total length of a duel is thirty or forty minutes.

To an American the attitude of the students toward the duel is not without humor. In heartening a fighter before a duel the advice was "Go on and get some good scars," not "Give the other fellow some good scars." Scars are curiously regarded by the German student. If they mean anything they certainly signify a lack of skill at swordsmanship, for a really good swordsman should so defend himself that he would receive no wounds. Yet every scar is a badge of honor, and oftentimes students will go with their hair close-cropped in order that the scars on their scalps may show. All this slashing is accompanied, of course, by intense pain, and sometimes a fighter is compelled to wear bandages and a black cap and eat porridge for weeks; but a black duel cap is one of the very highest badges of honor, and it counterbalances much physical inconvenience. Occasionally a man is killed, not so much by blood letting as from a weak heart, over-exertion or blood poisoning. But so many precautions are now taken by the surgeons and the armor is so carefully adjusted that few fatalities result—certainly not so many as we have here in America as an outcome of our football games.

There is much duelling in Germany outside of the universities, frequently of a more serious nature and often without the barest excuse of an offence. A favorite method in the army, or between soldier and civilian, is to fight with sabres, protected only by a small amount of armor, and it is from duels of this nature that fatalities usually arise. Sporadic cases of the revolver duel also occur, but the German is not a natural shot like a Western American and he doesn't often care to resort to the revolver. It is too swift for him.

No, the duel is a well-established German institution, its insignia worn upon the faces of some of the greatest men in the Empire; a national sport, a test of honor, and, absurd though it may be, it cannot easily be abolished.



THE POPE RETURNING TO THE VATICAN FROM HIS DAILY DRIVE—A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

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THE PROMOTER

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR, Author of "The Uncalled," "Folks from Dixie," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. W. KEMBLE



COMPANIES, and of gilt-edged land schemes wherein the unwary became bogged. This also was the day of Mr. Jason Buford, who, having been free before the war, knew a thing or two, and now had set himself up as a Promoter. Truly, he had profited by the example of the white men for whom he had so long acted as messenger and factotum.

As he frequently remarked, when for purposes of business he wished to air his Biblical knowledge, "I jest takes the Scrip'ture for my motto, an' foller that ol' passage where it says, 'Make hay while the sun shines, fur the night cometh when no man kin work.'"

It is related that one of Mr. Buford's customers was an old plantation exhorter. At the first suggestion of a Biblical quotation the old gentleman closed his eyes and got ready for his best Amen. But, as the import of the words dawned on him, he opened his eyes in surprise and the Amen died "a-borning."

"But do hit say dat?" he asked earnestly. "It certainly does read that way," said the Promoter glibly. "Ch, huh!" replied the old man, settling himself back in his chair, "I been preaching dat t'ing wrong fu' mo' den fo'ty years. Dat's what comes of not bein' able to read de Wo'd fu' yo'self."

Buford had no sense of the pathetic, or he could never have done what he did—sell to the old gentleman, on the strength of the knowledge he had imparted to him, a house and lot upon terms so easy that he might drowse along for a little time and then wake to find himself both homeless and penniless. This was the Promoter's method, and for so long a time had it proved successful that he had now grown mildly affluent and had set up a buggy in which to drive about and see his numerous purchasers and tenants.

Buford was a suave little yellow fellow with a manner that suggested the training of some old Southern butler father, or at least an experience as a likely house-boy. He was polite, plausible and, more than all, resourceful. All of this he had been for years, but in all these years he had never so risen to the height of his uniqueness as when he conceived and carried into execution the idea of the "Buford Colonizing Company."

Humanity has always been looking for an Eldorado, and, however mixed the metaphor might be, has been searching for a Moses to lead it thereto. Behold, then, Jason Buford in the rôle of Moses. And equipped he was to carry off his part to the very best advantage; for, though he might not bring water from the rock, he could come as near as any other man to getting blood from a turnip.

The beauty of the man's scheme was that no offering was too small to be accepted. Indeed, all was fish that came to his net. Think of paying fifty cents down and knowing that some time in the dim future you would be the owner of property in the very heart of a great city where people would rush to buy. It was glowing enough to attract a people more worldly-wise than were these late slaves. They simply fell into the scheme with all their souls, and off their half-dollars, dollars and larger sums Mr. Buford waxed opulent. The land, meanwhile, did not materialize.

It was just at this time that Sister Jane Callender came upon the scene and made glad the heart of the new-fledged Moses. He had heard of Sis' Jane before, and he had greeted her coming with a sparkling of eyes and a rubbing of hands that betokened a joy with a good financial basis. The truth about the newcomer was that she was just about to receive her pension, or that due to her deceased husband, and she would therefore be rich—rich to the point where Avarice would lie in wait for her.

Sis' Jane settled in Mr. Buford's bailiwick, joined the church he attended, and seemed only waiting with her dollars for the early call which he was destined to make. She was hardly settled in a little three-room cottage before he hastened to her side, kindly intent, or its counterfeited, beaming from his features. He found a weak-looking old lady propped in a chair, while another stout and healthy looking one ministered to her wants or stewed about the house in order to be doing something.

"Ah, which—which is Sis' Jane Callender?" he asked, rubbing his hands for all the world like a clothing dealer over a good bargain.

"Dat's Sis' Jane in de cheer," said the animated one, pointing to her charge. "She feelin' mighty bad dis evenin'. Whut might be yo' name?"

She was promptly told.

"Sis' Jane, hyeah's one of de good brothahs come to see you to offah his selvices of you needs anything."

"Thanky, brothah, thanky," said the weak voice; "set yo'self down. You set down, Aunt Dicey, 'tain't no use runnin' roun' waitin' on me. I ain't long fu' dis worl' nohow, brothah."

"Buford's my name, an' I come in to see ef I could be of any assistance to you, a-fixin' up yo' mattahs, er seein' to anything fur you."

"It's mighty kind o' you to come erroun', dough I don't 'low I'll need much fixin' fu' now."

"Oh, we hope you'll soon be bettah, Sistah Callender."

"Nevah no mo', suh, 'twell I reach de Kingdom."

"Sis' Jane Callender, she have been mighty sick," broke in Aunt Dicey Fairfax, "but I reckon she gwine pull throo, de Lawd willin'."

"Amen," said Mr. Buford.

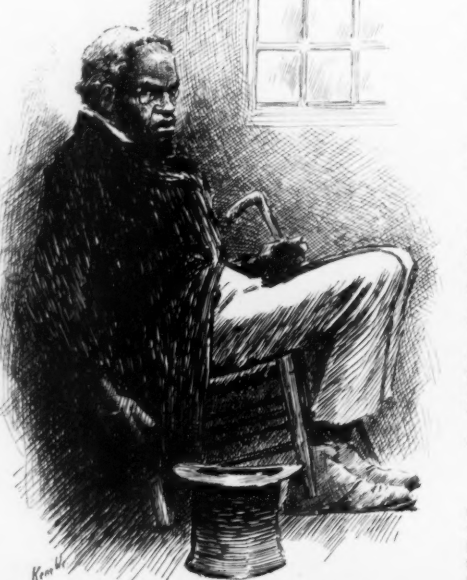
"Huh, uh, chillen, I done hyeahed de washin' of de watahs of Jerdon."

"No, no, Sister Callender, we hope to see you well an' happy in the enjoyment of the pension that I hyeah the gov'ment is goin' to give you."

"La, chile, I reckon de white folks gwine to git dat money. I ain't nevah gwine to live to 'ceive it. Des afa! I been workin' so long fu' it too."

The small eyes of Mr. Buford glittered with anxiety and avarice. What! was this rich plum about to slip from his grasp just as he was about to pluck it? It should not be. He leaned over to the old lady with intense eagerness in his gaze.

"You must live to receive it," he said. "We need dat money fur the race. It must not go back to the white folks. Ain't you got nobody to leave it to?"



HE OPENED HIS EYES IN SURPRISE

"Not a chick ner a chile, 'ceptin' Sis' Dicey Fairfax hyeah."

Mr. Buford breathed again. "Then leave it to her, by all means," he said.

"I do' want to have nothin' to do wid de money of de daid," said Sis' Dicey Fairfax.

"Now don't talk dat-away, Sis' Dicey," said the sick woman. "Brothah Buford's right, case you sutny has been good to me sence I been layin' hyeah on de bed of 'fliction, an' day ain't nobody no' fittener to have dat money den you is. Ef de Lawd des lets me live long enough I's gwine mek my will in yo' favoh."

"De Lawd's will be done," replied the other with resignation, and Mr. Buford echoed with an "Amen!"

He stayed very long that evening, planning and talking with the two old women, who received his words as the gospel. Two weeks later the "Ethiopian Banner," which was the organ of Little Africa, announced that Sister Jane Callender had received a back pension which amounted to more than five hundred dollars. Thereafter Mr. Buford was seen frequently in the little cottage, until one day, after a lapse of three or four months, a policeman entered Sis' Jane Callender's cottage and led her away, amid great excitement, to prison. She was charged with pension fraud, and, amid her protestations, was locked up to await the action of the Grand Jury.

The Promoter was very active on his client's behalf, but in spite of all his efforts she was indicted and came up for trial.

It was a great day for the denizens of Little Africa, and they crowded the court-room to look upon this stranger who had come among them to grow so rich and then suddenly to fall so low.

The prosecuting attorney was a young Southerner, and when he saw the prisoner at the bar he started violently, but checked himself. When the prisoner saw him, however, she made no effort at self-control.

"Lawd a' mussy!" she cried, spreading out her black arms, "ef it ain't Miss Lou's little Bobby!"

The judge checked the hilarity of the audience; the prosecutor maintained his dignity by main force, and the bailiff succeeded in keeping the old lady in her place, although she admonished him: "Pshaw, chile, you needn't fool wid me; I nussed dat boy's mammy when she borned him."

It was too much for the young attorney, and he would have been less a man if it had not been. He came over and shook her hand warmly, and this time no one laughed.

It was really not worth while prolonging the case, and the prosecution was nervous. The way that old black woman took the court and its officers into her bosom was enough to disconcert any ordinary tribunal. She patronized the judge openly before the hearing began, and insisted upon holding a gentle motherly conversation with the foreman of the jury. She was called to the stand as the very first witness.

"What is your name?" asked the attorney.

"Now, Bobby, whut is you axin' me dat fu'? You know whut my name is, an' you one of de Fairfax fambly too. I 'low ef yo' mammy was hyeah she'd mek you 'membah; she'd put you in yo' place."

The judge rapped for order.

"That is just a manner of proceeding," he said; "you must answer the question so the rest of the court may know."

"Oh, yes, suh, 'seuse me, my name, hit's Dicey Fairfax."

The attorney for the defence threw up his hands and turned purple. He had a dozen witnesses there to prove that they had known the woman as Jane Callender.

"But did you not give your name as Jane Callender?"

"I object!" thundered the defence.

"Do hush, man," Sis' Dicey exclaimed; and then, turning to the prosecutor, "La, honey, you knows Jane Callender ain't my real name—you knows dat yo'self. It's des my bus'ness name. W'y, Sis' Jane Callender done daid an' gone to glo'y too long 'go fu' to talk erbout."

"Then you admit to the court that your name is not Jane Callender?"

"Wha's de use o' my 'mittin'—don't you know it yo'self, suh? Has I got to come hyeah at dis late day an' p'ove my name an' redentity befo' my ol' Miss's own chile? Mas' Bob, I nevah did 'tink you'd ac' dat-away. Freedom sutny has done tuk erway yo' mannahs."

"Yes, yes, yes, that's all right, but we want to establish the fact that your name is Dicey Fairfax."

"Co'se it is."

"Your Honor, I object—I—"

"Your Honor," said Fairfax coldly, "will you grant me the liberty of conducting the examination in a way somewhat out of the ordinary lines? I believe that my brother for the defence will have nothing to complain of. I believe that I understand the situation and shall be able to get the truth more easily by employing methods that are not altogether technical."

The Court seemed to understand a thing or two himself, and overruled the defence's objection.

"Now, Mrs. Fairfax—"

Aunt Dicey snorted. "Hoomph! Whut? Mis' Fairfax? Whut you say, Bobby Fairfax? Whut you call me dat fu? My name is Aunt Dicey to you, an' I want you to un'erstan' dat right hyeah. Ef you keep on foolin' wid me, I 'spec' my patience gwine wail chah out."

"Excuse me. Well, Aunt Dicey, why did you take the name of Jane Callender if your name is really Dicey Fairfax?"

"W'y, I done tol' you, Bobby, dat Sis' Jane Callender was des my bus'ness name."

"Well, how were you to use this business name?"

"Well, it was des dis away. Sis' Jane Callender she gwine git hah pension, but, la, chile, she tuk down sick unto deaf, an' Brothah Buford, he say dat she ought to mek a will in favah of somebody, so's de money would stay 'mongst ouah folks, an' so himesby she 'greed she'd mek a will."

"And who is Brother Buford, Aunt Dicey?"

"Brothah Buford? Oh, he's de geunne whut come an' offered to 'ten' to Sis' Jane Callender's bus'ness fu' hah. He's a mighty clevalah man."

"And he told her she ought to make a will?"

"Yas, sah. So she 'greed she gwine mek a will, an' she say to me, 'Sis' Dicey, you sutry has been good to me sense I been layin' hyeah on dis bed of 'fiction, an' I gwine will all my propety to you.' Well, I don't want to tek de money, an' she des mos' nigh fo'ce it on me, so I say 'Yes,' an' Brothah Buford he des sot an' talk to us, an' he say dat he come to-morrow to bring a lawyer to draw up de will. But bless Gawd, honey, Sis' Callender died dat night, an' de will wasn't made, so when Brothah Buford come bright an' early next mornin' I was layin' Sis' Callender out. Brothah Buford was mighty much moved, he was. I nevah did see a strange pussion tek anything so ha'd in all my life, an' deu he talk to me, an' he say, 'Now, Sis' Dicey, is you notified any of de neighbors yit?' an' I say, 'No, I ain't notified none of de neighbors yit case I ain't 'quainted wid none o' dem'; an' he say, 'How about de doctah?' Is he 'quainted wid de doctah?' an' I tol' him no, he des come in, da's all. 'Well,' he say, 'co'se you un'erstan' now dat you is Sis' Jane Callender, case you inhe'it hah name, an' w'en de doctah come to mek out de 'stiffyate, you mus' tell him dat Sis' Dicey Fairfax is de name of de diseased an' it 'ull be all right, an' afiah dis you got to go by de name of Jane Callender, case hit's a business name you done inhe'it.' Well, dat's whut I done, an' dat's hah come I been Jane Callender in de bus'ness 'zactions an' Dicey Fairfax at home. Now you un'erstan', don't you? It uz my inhe'ited name."

"But don't you know that what you have done is a penitentiary offence?"

"Who you stan'n' up talkin' to dat erway, you nasty, impudent little scoun'el? Don't you talk to me dat erway! I reckon ef yo' mammy was hyah she sutry would 'ten' to yo' case. You allus was sassier an' pearter den yo' brothah Nelse, an' he had to go an' git killed in de wah, an' you—you—w'y, jedge, I's spanked dat boy mo' times den I kin tell you fu' his impudence. I don't see how you evali gits erlong wid him."

The Court repressed a ripple that ran around. But there was no smile on the smooth-shaven, clear-cut face of the young Southerner. Turning to the attorney for the defence, he said, "Will you take the witness?" But that gentleman, waving one helpless hand, shook his head.

"That will do, then," said young Fairfax. "Your Honor," he went on, addressing the Court, "I have no desire to prosecute this case further. You all see the trend of it just as I see, and it would be folly to continue the examination of any of the rest of these witnesses. We have got that story from Aunt Dicey herself as straight as an arrow from a bow. While technically she is guilty, while according to the facts she is a criminal, according to the motive and intent of her actions she is as innocent as the whitest soul among us." He could not repress the youthful Southerner's love for this little bit of rhetoric.

"And I believe that nothing is to be gained by going further into this matter, save for the purpose of finding out the whereabouts of this Brother Buford, and attending to his case as the facts warrant. But before we do this I want to see the stamp of crime wiped away from the name of my Aunt Dicey there, and I beg leave of the Court to enter a nolle pros. There is only one other thing I must ask of Aunt Dicey, and that is that she return the money that was illegally gotten, and give us information concerning the whereabouts of Buford."

Aunt Dicey looked up in excitement. "W'y, ef dat money was got illegal I do want it, but I don't know whut I gwine to do, case I done invest it all wid Brothah Buford in his Colorednization Company." The Court drew its breath; it had expected some such denouement.

"And where is the office of this company situated?"

"Well, I des cain't tell dat," said the old lady. "W'y, la, man, Brothah Buford was in co't to-day. Whah is he? Brothah Buford, whah you?" But no answer came from the surrounding spectators. Brother Buford had faded away. The old lady, however, after due conventions, was permitted to go home.

It was with joy in her heart that Aunt Dicey Fairfax went back to her little cottage after her dismissal. But her face clouded when soon after Robert Fairfax came in.

"Hyeah you come as usual," she said with well-feigned anger, "tryin' to sof' soap me afiah you been ca'in' on. You ain't changed one mite fu' all you bein' a man. Whut you talk to me dat-away in co't fu'?"

Fairfax's face was very grave. "It was necessary, Aunt Dicey," he said. "You know I'm a lawyer now, and there are certain things that lawyers have to do whether they like it or not. You don't understand. That man Buford is a scoundrel, and he came very near leading you into a very dangerous and criminal act. I am glad I was near to save you."

"Oh, honey, chile, I didn't know dat. Set down an' tell me all erbout it."



"WHUT YOU CALL ME DAT FU?"

This the attorney did. The old lady's indignation blazed forth: "Well, I hope to de Lawd you'll fu' dat rascal an' larrup him outwell he cain't stan' straight."

"No, we're going to do better than that, and a great deal better. If we find him we are going to send him where he won't inveigle any more innocent people into rascality, and you're going to help us."

"W'y, sutry, chile, I'll do all I kin to he'p you git dat rascal, but I don't know whah he lives, case he's allus come hyeah to see me."

"He'll come back some day. In the meantime we'll be laying for him."

Aunt Dicey was putting some very flaky biscuits into the oven, and perhaps the memory of other days made the young lawyer prolong his visit and his explanation. When, however, he left it was with well-laid plans to catch Jason Buford napping.

It did not take long. Stealthily that same evening a tapping came at Aunt Dicey's door. She opened it, and a small crouching figure crept in. It was Mr. Buford. He turned down the collar of his coat, which he had had closely up about his face, and said:

"Well, well, Sis' Callender, you sutry have spiled us all."

"La, Brothah Buford, come in hyeah an' set down. Whah you been?"

"I been hidin' fu' feah of dat testimony you give in the court-room. What did you do that fer?"

"La, me, I didn't know; you didn't 'splain to me in de fust."

"Well, you see, you spiled it, an' I got to git out o' town as soon as I kin. Sis' Callender, these hyeah white people is mighty slippery an' they might ketch me, so I want to beg you to go on away from hyeah so's you won't be hyeah to testify if they does. Hyeah's a hundred dollars of yo' money right down, an' you leave hyeah to-morrow mornin' an' go away as fur as you kin git."

"La, man, I's perfectly willin' to he'p you, you know dat."

"Co'se, co'se," he answered hurriedly; "we colored people has got to stan' together."

"But what erbout de res' o' dat money dat I been 'vestin' wid you?"

"I'm goin' to pay intrus' on dat," answered the Promoter glibly.

"All right, all right." Aunt Dicey had made several trips to the little back room just off her sitting-room as she talked with the Promoter. Three times in the window had she waved a lighted lamp. Three times without success. But at the last "All right" she went into the room again. This time the waving lamp was answered by the sudden flash of a lantern outside.

"All right," she said as she returned to the room again, "set down an' lemme fix you some suppah."

"I ain't hardly got the time. I got to git away from hyeah." But the smell of the new-baked biscuits was in his nostrils, and he could not resist the temptation. He was eating hastily, but with appreciation, when the door opened and two minions of the law entered.

Buford sprang up and turned to flee, but at the back door, her large form a towering and impassable barrier, stood Aunt Dicey.

"Oh, don't hu'y, Brothah Buford," she said calmly, "set down an' he'p yo'self. Dese hyeah's my frien's."

It was the next day that Robert Fairfax saw him in his cell. The man's face was ashen with a coward's terror. He was like a caught rat, though, biting on the defensive.

"You see we've got you, Buford," said Fairfax coldly to him; "it is as well to confess."

"I ain't got nothin' to say," said Buford cautiously.

"You will have something to say later on unless you say it now. I don't want to intimidate you, but Aunt Dicey's word will be taken in any court-room in the United States against yours, and I see a few years' hard labor for you between good stout walls."

The little Promoter showed his teeth in an impotent snarl.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, weakening.

"First, I want you to give back every cent of that money that you got out of Dicey Fairfax. Second, I want you to give up to every one of those negroes whom you have cheated every cent of the property you have accumulated by fraudulent means. Third, I want you to leave this place and never come back so long as God leaves breath in your dirty body. If you do this I will save you—you are not worth the saving—from the pen or worse. If you don't, I will make this place so hot for you that hell will seem like an ice-box beside it."

The little yellow man was cowering in his cell before the attorney's indignation. His lips were drawn back over his teeth in something that was neither a snarl nor a smile. His eyes were bulging and fear-stricken, and his hands clasped and unclasped themselves nervously.

"I—I—" he faltered. "Do you want to send me out without a cent?"

"Without a cent, without a cent," said Fairfax tensely.

"I won't do it!" The rat in him again showed fight. "I won't do it. I'll stay hyeah an' fight you. You can't prove anything on me."

"All right, all right." The attorney turned toward the door.

"Wait, wait!" called the man. "I will do it—my God, I will do it. Jest let out o' hyeah; don't keep me caged up. I'll go away from hyeah."

Fairfax turned back to him coldly: "You will keep your word?"

"Yes."

"I will return at once and take the confession."

And so the thing was done. Jason Buford, stripped of his ill-gotten gains, left the neighborhood of Little Africa forever. And Aunt Dicey, no longer a wealthy woman and a capitalist, is baking golden-brown biscuits for a certain young attorney and his wife, who has a bad habit of rousing her anger by his references to her business name and her investments with a Promoter.

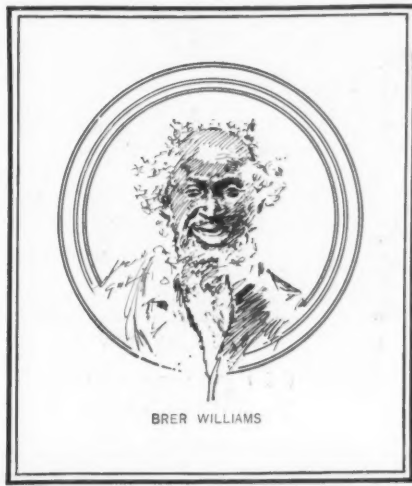
THE END

BRER WILLIAMS AT THE SPERRIT MEETIN'

By FRANK L. STANTON

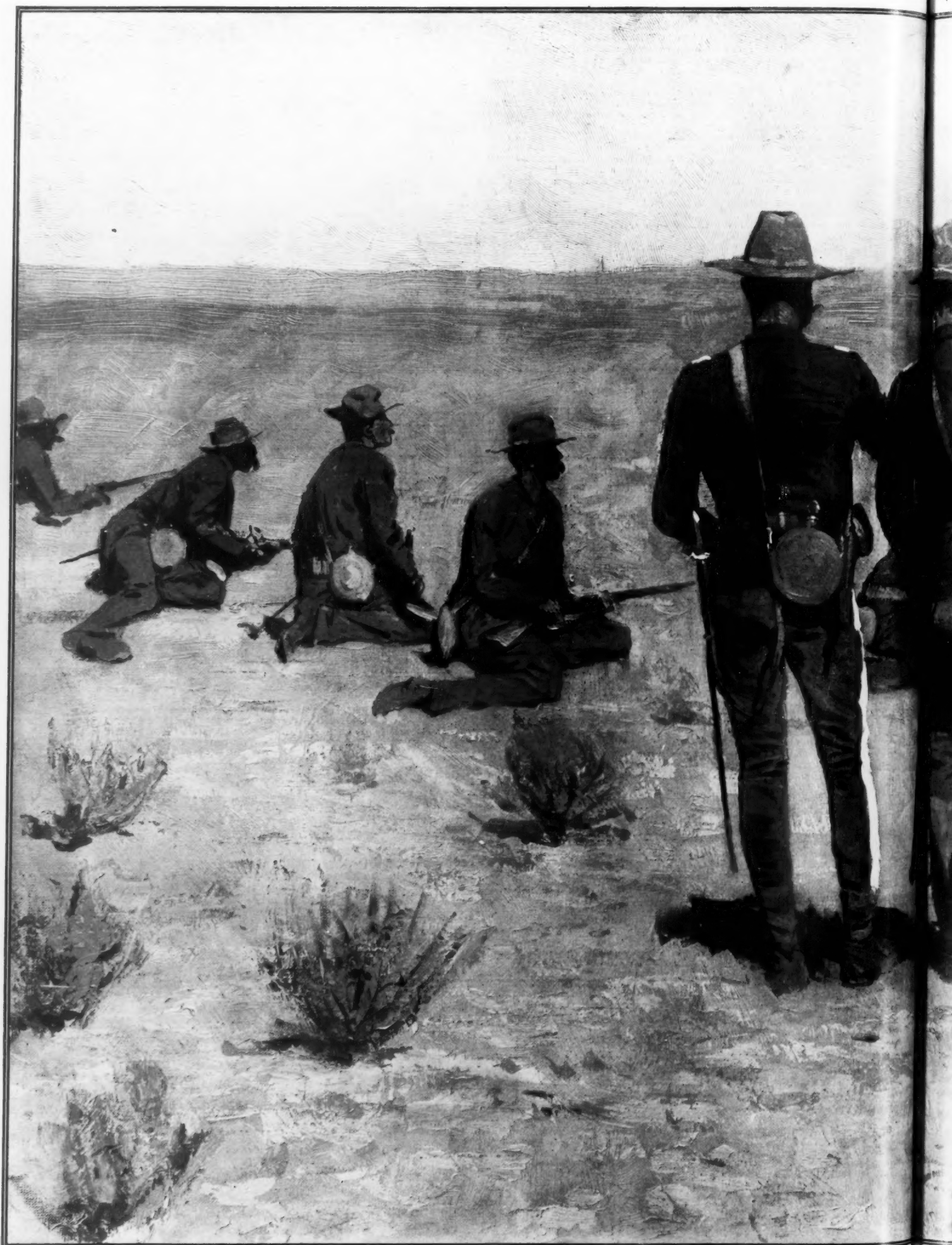
HIT wuz at de sperrit meetin',
En Brer Williams take de stan',
En ax ter see de home folks,
En ter shake 'em by de han';
En we all sot still ez a rabbit on a hill,
En de man what run de meetin'
'Lowed he gwine ter fill de bill.

"YO' folks is come, Brer Williams,
En'll soon commence ter talk,
Fer de table is a-risin'
En a-gwine fer a walk:
Den silence one en all." En no soun' wuz
in de hall;
You could lissen at de quiet,
En could heah a fedder fall.



DEN Brer Williams raise his head up,
En he prime his ears at dat,
En he ax de sperrit feller—
How de climate whar dey at?
En he say, "Hit's hot in ever' spot,
En yo' better be contented
Wid de 'worl' yo' got!"

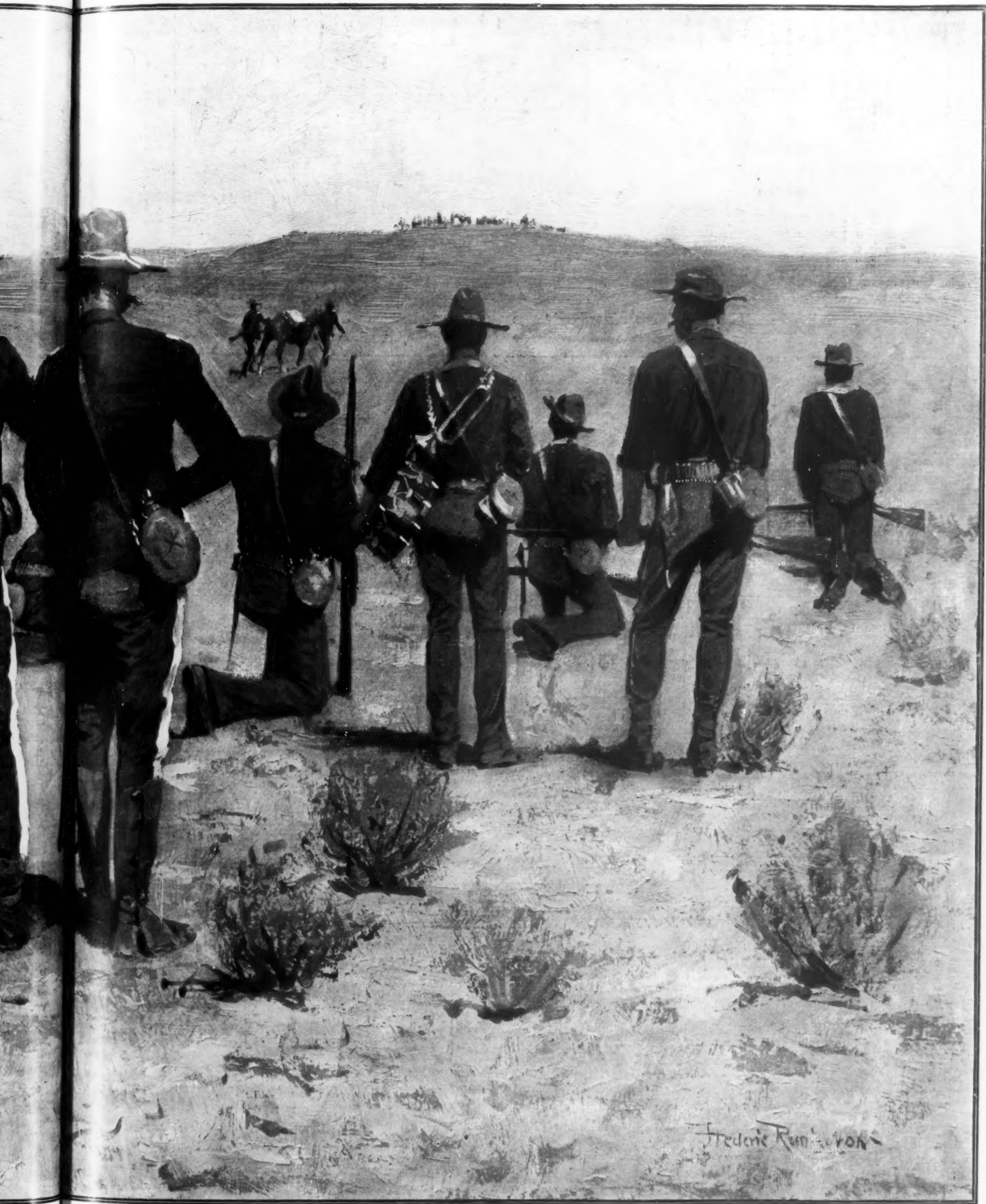
DEN dey come a mighty ruction:
"Heah's yo' folks a-comin' now!"
Dey hollered to Brer Williams,
"You mus' rise en make yo' bow."
En Brer Williams say dat he wish dat he
could stay,
But he got a quick engagement
Jes at de break er day!



DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

"THE STRATEGY OF THE WEST"

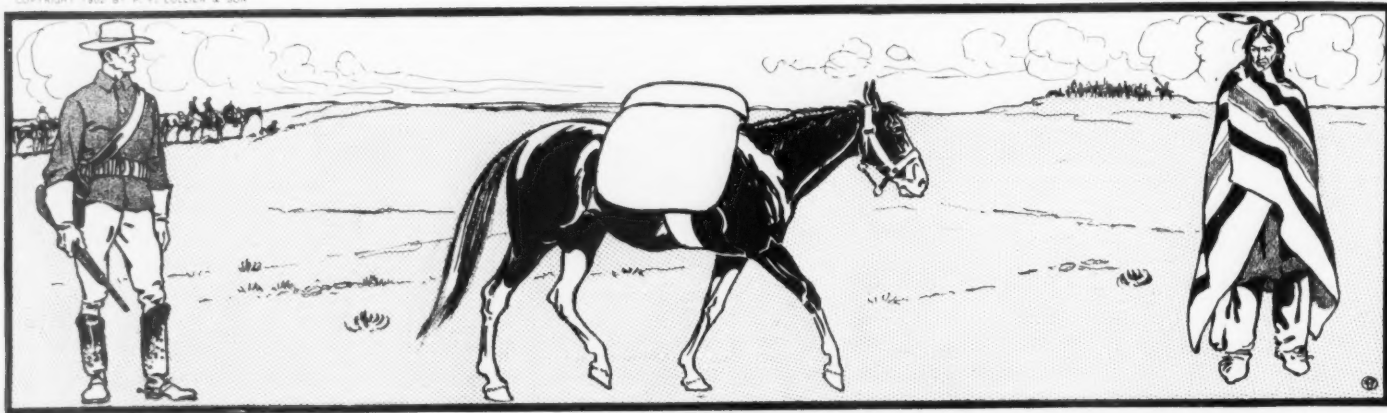
A CURIOUS TRICK PLAYED BY AN ARMY OFFICER ON THE SAVAGES DURING THE DARK AND BLOODY TIMES OF THE WESTERN WARS, WHEN "YOUR



OF THE BLANKET PONY"

UNCLE SAMUEL WAS TRYING TO CATCH SIOUX INDIANS WITH INFANTRY,
JUST THE SAME AS JOHN BULL IS NOW HUNTING BOERS." — (See next page)

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THE STRATEGY OF THE BLANKET PONY

By FREDERIC REMINGTON, Author of "Pony Tracks," "Crooked Trails," Etc.

WITH A HEADPIECE BY EDWARD PENFIELD AND A DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR



IN THE OLD DAYS when your Uncle Samuel was trying to catch Sioux Indians with infantry, just the same as John Bull is now hunting Boers, Bill Burton was an aged captain in a regiment of foot. He was, as I have said, up in years, and it took a good bit of belting to go round his middle. He had intelligence enough, as the result of many years of soldiering, to know that General Walkaheap, who was in command, wasn't likely to catch any Indians when the Indians did not want to be caught. Almost every day, though, the Sioux used to select favorable spots from which advantage they potted at the plodding soldiers, and were gone on their rushing ponies before they could be brought to seriousness. Far out from the sides of the wagon-train plodded the dough-boys in extended order, with loaded rifles, eagerly scanning every cut-bank and sage-bush field for an Indian jack-in-the-box. Old General Walkaheap, as we will call him, was a tremendously energetic man, grown old in war, with quite too much confidence in the legs of men. Fighting flies was very exasperating to him. So day by day, including Sundays, he followed his long jaw into the heart of the Sioux buffalo range, leaving white signs many hundred miles in his rear. The angry redmen redoubled their efforts to arrest his progress—they yelled and they circled, potted and volleyed, and they burned the dry grass ahead of him, but they never rode over his thin blue line to the sugar and coffee vans, which rattled and creaked between. That was not their way, which was unfortunate for them. They knew that the dismounted soldiers could not run away, and that they would die desperately. The flour and coffee were too dear for the Sioux market.

Well, out in the van rode the General, grim and determined, quite forgetful of men's legs in his purpose to come to close quarters, or to at least occupy the heart of their hunting range. Captain Bill Burton had water blisters on his feet, his canteen was always dry, and he longed for a day's let-up, so he might wash, shave and lie quietly on his back with his pipe in his mouth "inviting his soul."

"There are those — Indians now," he said to his trusty lieutenant, Dick Van Nick. "Steady, men! Close up your intervals. Don't fire! Let them come closer."

Down through the dry washes sped the warriors—hovering hawk-like, veering before the steady rifles and away. Again the dusty blue line stepped forward.

Captain Burton and General Walkaheap had, in times gone by but not forgotten, had their personal differences, and they were by no means admirers of each other. They seldom came nearer than they officially had to.

"If the old man would stop for a day or so once a month these Indians might give us an infantry fight. We travel so fast they can't make up their minds what to do," remarked the vinegary Burton to Van Nick.

"Yes," replied Van Nick with a deep sigh. "Say, Uncle Bill, I wonder if angels have big leather armchairs to sit in? That would pretty near fill my idea of heaven."

"Blow the angels, Dick. If I could only be a major and ride a horse, that would do."

"Well, anyhow, Uncle Bill," spoke Dick, "when we get into camp we have our little nip, while the other fellows are as dry as their belt-plates. What?"

"Yes, yes, my son—if only our fellows don't get onto us. If they do, our whiskey will last like the Irishman's—pretty d—n quick."

On the start of the expedition against the hostile Indians of the Northwest the old General had, with intent to free his loaded wagons from useless litter, ordered all the whiskey left behind. He had made the officers cache their personal belongings, only allowing each one as much as he could hold out in his right hand. But Burton and Van Nick had bought a blanket pony, which did not intrench on the government transportation, and had more bedding than would otherwise have been possible. At least that was the natural theory, when as a matter of fact in the blanket panniers were two large jugs of rare rye whiskey, carefully packed and swaddled. The column had not toiled many days before our worthies became aware that they were the only people in the camp who had any of the encouraging medicine. The blanket pony was tied behind a wagon by day, and at evening halts the captain and lieutenant personally unpacked him.

They had by almost superhuman shrewdness and painstaking care managed to conceal the fact that they had a "nightcap" and an "eye-opener" at the respective times each day. There were occasional rumors among their comrades in arms to the effect that Captain Bill and his trusted Bunkie smelled of the "old thing," but they dissembled and denied. Many weary leagues lay between their cantinas of rye and a further supply, so they did not blame themselves for the selfish protection of their possession. Two jugs were enough for them personally, but among so many officers, if it were known, they would soon be drained.

Along through the buffalo grass and the gray sage tramped the soldiers—bearded and dusty and bored. Far out on the plains they could see at times their wolfish following, but they did not come near enough to give them the relaxation of a fight. At night, to be sure, they came to shoot into the camps and wagons, keeping the men awake. They made very delicate work for the pickets in the darkness, also for the officer of the guard who had to go stumbling about in the gloom. All of this exasperated the men, and particularly the old General, whose ideas of war had been gathered at such places as Chapultepec and the Death Angle. He longed to get at them; he yearned for contact with these desert hawks, and he pressed them as hard as his men could leg it or his mules be whacked along, but to no purpose. He left ambulances for them which they never fell into. He hunted them in the darkness and the rain; but they were hunters themselves. It became utterly discouraging, so he mentally gave it up and just marched. He ceased to be interested in his own strategy.

Every one else felt the same way. Every one had ceased to expect that the regiment would get any credit out of this cheerless war, and one day Van Nick said to Uncle Billy: "It does seem kind of low-down of us to husband that rum when we could use it in the interest of the regiment—don't it, now?"

"What do you mean, Dick? You don't dream of springing it on the fellows?"

"Oh, no, captain, that isn't my idea; my idea is to use it strategically."

"Use whiskey strategically?"

"Yes—give it to the Indians. It might make them fight."

"Ho, ho! I see. That's not a bad idea; but how? It's against orders to have it with us at all."

Dick thought a while, and, future general that he was to be, finally proposed that some day when they were in camp and well prepared they should drive the blanket pony out where the Indians could get him and rely on the whiskey to make the warriors brave. So their campaign was arranged, not without misgivings as to the possibilities of so sudden a conjunction of red men and red liquor. It might be a powerful combination, or a weak one, but experience of the past said yes. Shortly the train made a day's resting halt. The mules had come in from grazing and were safe within the wagon corral. Well out on each four sides of the camp lay a battalion of infantry—deployed—loaded and tired of the monotony which their shifting enemies enforced. They could put no salt on the Sioux bird's tail.

Out to the north, on some low bluffs not five hundred yards away, a considerable body of warriors were squatting beside their ponies, observing the camp. They had no desire to come nearer; keeping watch, they could both see and understand. Being all ready and the time propitious, Uncle Billy Burton and his lieutenant led the poor old blanket pony outside the line of soldiers.

"Where the — are you going with that pony, Burton?" sang out one of a group of officers who sat playing poker on the grass.

"Oh, I am going to exercise him. He don't get work enough," responded our merry strategist with a wink.

The game stopped. Some soldier lark ahead possibly. They might be amused, they hoped.

The two officers borrowed rifles and belts as they passed through the line. Leading the loaded pony, they marched forth toward the row of grotesque figures sitting on the bluffs. When this curious trio had advanced a hundred and fifty yards the warriors out in the distance began to gird and mount. Neither did they understand. The troops had never so maneuvered before. Was it a talk which was wanted, were the soldiers sick of the long-drawn game or was it some deep-seated thoughtfulness? The Indians did not make it out. Neither did the waiting troops. They had never before seen two men leading a simple pony out into the open between two forces bent on each other's destruction. It was not in the books; it had never been told around the winter fires.

With the alert willingness to take advantage of the chances, the Sioux quirted and kicked their ponies into a proper state of

anticipation of the game. The regulars sat up, spread their faces cheerfully and fingered their rifle sights up to the possible distances. Steadily the officers advanced on their curious adventure.

"Say, Uncle Bill, I think we had better stop; when they come we won't have much the best of a race back to the lines."

"All right—I think we are about right; but, Dick, I don't want this whiskey to come back on us. It won't do us a — bit of good and may do us harm if the General gets onto it, and the boys would never let us hear the last of it. No! wait. Get your horseshoes ready. Tie them on, but hold up his tail, and for — sake, Dick, don't get him started the wrong way or we are dirt."

Lieutenant Van Nick proceeded quickly to tie a string of mule-shoes, which he had strung on some "whang" leather, to the blanket pony's tail. He wove it in tight and strong. Meanwhile the anxious Sioux had begun to circle and hover in their bird-of-prey fashion, confident of their mobility.

"Hurry up, Dick! The d— whelps will come soon. They will scare the pony back into the lines."

"All right, uncle—I have him fixed. Are you ready?"

"Yes—turn him loose."

This was one of those battles which had been thought out before it was begun, which seldom happens outside books. It was the soldier ideal—the real military ideal; it was what the boys at West Point had studied when they tried their simple strategy on the Academy staff, that being, in cadet theory, the way to apply talent. The captain had the thin old calico pony, loaded with his two panniers, turned toward the enemy. Dick raised the consecrated animal's tail and made a quick pass under it; he dropped the same suddenly; the string of mule-shoes clattered about its heels; with his rifle he gave the beast a big whack and fired a cartridge over its back. The blanket pony's memories of patient treatment were all forgotten in this sudden movement of his ganglions. He made off toward the rushing Sioux.

Turning toward their lines, the two officers ran for it—only looking back occasionally to see what the blanket pony was doing. He had run away about a hundred yards, but, upon seeing the charging Indian line, had stopped.

"Keep between the pony and our line so they won't shoot," called out the lieutenant.

This they did. The line held its fire, and the Indians rounded out the pony and bore it away.

Coming among their comrades, they were greeted with amazement. "What the — are you doing?" "Burton, you must be crazy," etc.

"They certainly did get our pony," said Burton, grinning.

"Why didn't you lie down and let us fire over you?" was asked; but the pony strategists shied no light and walked away to speculate in quiet.

Again the soldiers lay down in groups along the line, and the poker game was resumed amid wild conjectures as to Bill Burton's sanity. They could see a possible joke in giving up the old pony, though why sacrifice all those blankets now that winter was approaching? But mostly they gave it up.

The Indians had gone out of sight beyond the bluffs. "It won't take long before we will see what our combination of reds will produce. Chemically speaking, we ought to get a wild scrap in twenty minutes or a half-hour," speculated Van Nick.

"See Bill—looking at the horizon through his glasses. Guess he's making medicine for the lost bronc," observed a poker player.

Time passed, when suddenly Captain Bill took down his glasses. "They are coming, Dick," and he ran forward. "Attention! Get ready! Now we'll have the fight of our lives, boys. Make no mistake now—they are coming home this time!" he yelled.

The line sprang to its knees; the officers drew their swords and stood to their places. Down the bluff and over the plain came the wild, charging line of warriors—scintillating bright reds and yellows and whites—revolvers and rifles going in the air—their shrill "yips" even reaching at this distance, and the ponies beating madly. Now and then a warrior fell from his pony, and yet not a shot had been fired.

"Ready!—aim!—fire!" The gray lead sped; the blue smoke eddied out along the grass. "Load!—ready!—aim!—fire!" and again sped the deadly volley. Faintly through the smoke the soldiers saw the swift line come. In fierce nervousness they picked at their belts, threw up and down the breech-blocks and poured it in. Ponies lay kicking all along behind the Indian squadron, but on they came. Many soldiers jammed their bayonets into the sockets, many clubbed their rifles, and some lay flat on the ground.

"They are coming home!" was yelled in the captain's car

as he threw himself on the ground. The beating crowd of ponies rode over the skirmish line, but it did not fire or stop. The soldiers punched and belted with their guns. Warriors reeled and rolled like sacks of flour along the ground. There were many riderless ponies. These continued on, while the mounted ones were twisted and turned about in aimless fashion to renew the attack. Warriors were seen to roll about on the ponies' backs, some were hanging on by an eyelid, others had their arms around their ponies' necks, not seeking to control them. The soldiers ran to catch them, but found the Indians not inclined to resist. They saw others sitting on the grass waving their arms aimlessly. They stopped to regard them wonderingly. The entire absence of offensiveness on the part of the reds was slowly understood, until men began to call, "They are drunk!" "They are all drunk!" and then they pulled what few were left from their ponies and sat on their chests.

As things began to clear, it was seen that there were no casualties among the soldiers, and the people were amazed to see Burton and Van Nick slapping their thighs and each

other's backs, while they roared and screamed with laughter. The others, comprehending, began to howl, until the whole battalion, so lately grim before death, yelled in happy chorus.

"Say, Bill, why didn't you give us a drop before you got rid of that whiskey, you old villain?"

"Well, boys, you got a fight, and that's better than a drink—ain't it? You fellows would kick anyway."

The General came galloping and stood staring at his successor, but did not understand the laughter. "What was on that pony, captain?" he demanded at last.

"That was a medicine pony, General—he was loaded with The Great Spirit," returned our strategist with cheerful innocence.

The General rode away smiling. The men walked out, gathered up the drunk and wounded and the empty blanket pony, shot the downed horses and congratulated each other on the good fortunes of the 81st Foot, which would get ample credit, even if it was accomplished by "shrewdness and force and by deeds undone."

THE END

HOW AMERICANS DESPOIL EUROPE

By JULIAN RALPH

FIVE OR SIX YEARS ago it used to be said that fifty thousand Americans came to Europe every year and spent fifty millions of dollars over here. Whether those figures were compiled with any care, I have no means of knowing, but I am quite certain that if they were at all trustworthy the numbers must now be doubled when we discuss the annual American begonia. There were so many Americans over last year, or else they managed to make themselves so nearly ubiquitous, that I often wondered who was left at home and what had become of the native Europeans. I never entered a railway train in France, Austria or Germany that I did not find Americans the most in evidence among the passengers. I stopped at no hotel—except a little one on a lonely mountain in the Tyrol—had I did not find myself among many Americans. American-English was in the air on every hand.

Now what I noticed as the result of this great flocking of our people to this side must naturally be whatever personally affects me as a traveller. I noticed that hotel rates both for lodging and for food had gone up twenty-five to thirty-three and a third per cent all over the Continent, and that whereas it used to be the English who were all "millionaires" and supposed to be very rich, in every instance it is now the Americans who have this reputation and are obliged to pay for it "through the nose," as the saying goes. Wherever there are two prices—and this is the case in many hotels and shops in the large towns—the American is honored with the stiffer rate and the Englishman is classed with the native and pays the lower rate. The Englishman is a born "kicker" and has insisted upon learning the various moneys and the prevailing tariffs, while the Americans go around paying for what they buy by holding out a handful of silver and asking the tradespeople to take what they want of it.

Our tourists are not so prone to reform Europe as they used to be. Six years ago it was noticeable that the methods of the Europeans which made their continent a haven of rest and delight were commonly ridiculed and damned by the majority of our tourists. We grew furious at the slowness of the London omnibuses and the primitive railways of France, at the dilatory habits of the foreign tradesmen and the antedated methods of the workmen of all these countries. At last it seems to have penetrated the minds of our tourists that we cannot reform Europe in six weeks, and that if we did revolutionize it and make it like America there would be no inducement to cross the sea.

And now I come to a result of the mobbing or storming of Europe by the Americans which touches me deeply. I am a collector, I regret to say. All my life I have put into beautiful ornaments and quaint relics of past ages the money which a wiser man would have tucked into a savings bank. I could sell out my Sheffield plate and old brass for twice what it cost me, and my old clocks would fetch five to fifteen times what I spent upon them, but if I should offer all my collection on the auctioneer's block I would come out of such a narrow end of the horn that I hate to think of it; indeed I'd rather give my things away. Well, the days of collecting outside of Spain and Portugal are gone; I mean the days of collecting at fair prices for genuine goods. America has cleaned England out of its old clocks. The old grandfather's clocks to be had now are made in factories along with the carved black oak coffers, chairs and sideboards, and in place of the rose-tinted Sheffield plate—the art of making which is a lost secret of ninety years ago—our "greenies" are now lugging home stuff "plated on

copper" which is of no especial value and can be bought at home in prettier patterns. There is practically no old pewter left, and the old brass sold in England is either new stuff or is imported from Denmark and Norway, the ancient seats of the ugliest fashions ever inflicted upon white men. Fancy silver of antique shapes is now being turned out by the ton in Belgium—wretched, thin, overornamented goods of a poor quality of silver, but sold as Charles Second and Early Georgian ware to whoever knows no better than to buy it. Practically all the decorative tablespoons and tea-strainers and fifty per cent of the coasters, sugar-bowls, ewers and salt cellars now offered as Georgian and even as early Victorian (the richest period of English silver work) are made well in England and poorly in Belgium, all from the old patterns.

Through all the German lands Old Vienna faience was cleaned up and taken to America years ago, but it is now shown in greater quantities than ever—all rubbish, all badly done, all turned out by the million. The same is coming to be true of Dresden china, and, in England, Chelsea and Battersea china is unobtainable except in modern faked examples. Delft ware is practically all new, and this, I may pause to remark, is a consolation. Though fashion adopted Delft as a pet drawing-room ornament, it was always as rude and crude as everything the Dutch ever did—except painting. Its only real value is due to the curious fact that it was a translation of the art of China to the Far West and to the further fact that it showed how wretchedly art suffered by its long journey.

Collecting by real lovers of the works of the dead and gone has therefore had to move in new channels, and colored ivory, French pewter measures, nests of scale weights, carved panels, tiles, the humbler forms of peasant pottery, mantel-pieces, molded iron and brass fire-dogs, fire-backs and fenders—these are some of the things that are not yet imitated. But nearly all that men and women of refined taste most highly prize are gone, and until we begin to disgorge at home they will not be obtainable except here and there at prohibitive prices. This is one result of the "American invasion of Europe."

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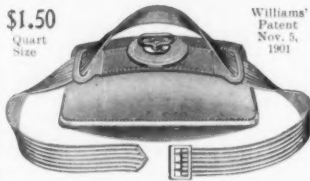
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LOVE AND THE INGLE

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

Love in the vernal season

Is a thing of which poets tell;

Forsooth, 'twould be very treason

If one did not own its spell;

"Spring," "wing," and "sing," how they jingle!

"May" and "gay," how they leap to the lyre!

But give me the cosey ingle,

And my love before the fire!

Love in the tide of summer

Has devotees by the score;

It has snared the unwary comer

To the mountains and the shore.

O the lonely aisles in the ingle,

With the robins and wrens for choir!

But give me the cosey ingle,

And my love before the fire!

Love when the autumn dapples

The hills is said to be sweet;

When a maid's cheek like the apple's

Glowes fair in the noonday heat.

But if I'm not to be single

(And who would such fate desire?),

O give me the cosey ingle,

And my love before the fire!

FOOD

EATING IN HAVANA

Yankees Club Together.

In Havana it is the custom to serve only bread and coffee for breakfast. A little colony of Americans that felt they could not do their work until noon on this kind of a diet clubbed together and began importing Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.

One of them writing about the matter, says, "The modern cooking range had never been known in Cuba until the American occupation, and even now they are scarce, so that a ready cooked food like Grape-Nuts recommends itself to start with; then the Yankees were accustomed to the food and felt they could hardly get along without it. They began buying in five case lots and one by one the larger grocery stores began keeping Grape-Nuts in stock, so the business spread until now great quantities of Grape-Nuts are used in Cuba, and it is not only used by the Americans but the other inhabitants as well."

This is an illustration of the way the famous food has pushed itself into all parts of the world. Wherever English speaking people go they demand Grape-Nuts. They can be found in South Africa, Egypt, India, China, Japan, Australia and South America.

Many Americans speak of the homelike feeling it gives them to see the numberless busses in the streets of London decorated with great blue signs with the word, "Grape-Nuts," done in yellow letters, and all over England the great purveying shops distribute Grape Nuts.

English roast beef has largely given way to American roast beef, and the old-fashioned English breakfast of bacon and potatoes is now supplemented with Grape-Nuts and cream. The change was made for a reason. It has been discovered that almost magical power rests within the little granules, and this power is set free in the body that makes use of the famous food.

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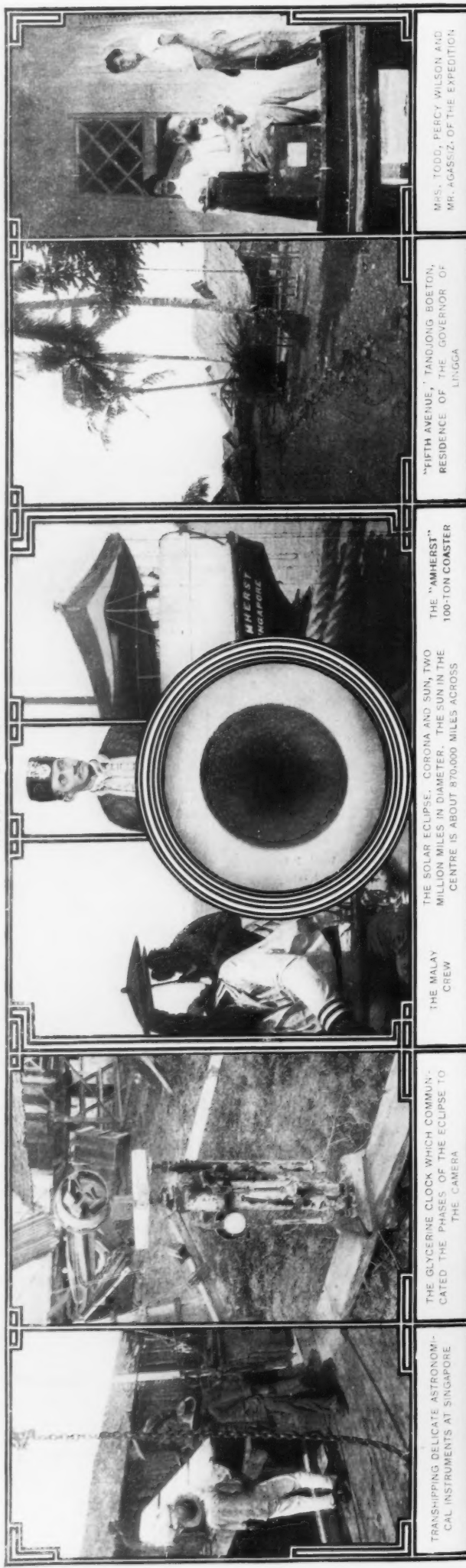
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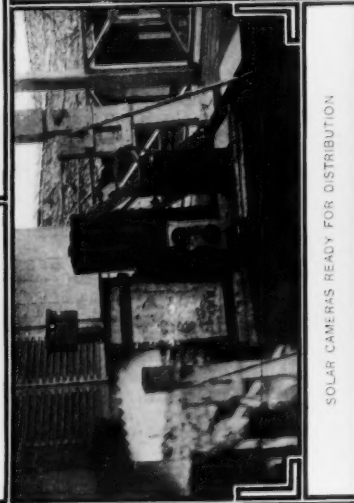
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THE SOLAR ECLIPSE. CORONA AND SUN, TWO MILLION MILES IN DIAMETER. THE SUN IN THE CENTRE IS ABOUT 870,000 MILES ACROSS

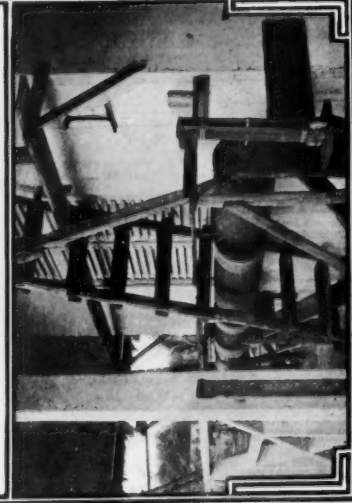
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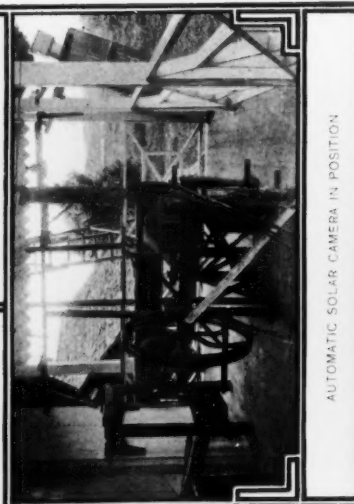
MRS. TODD, PERCY WILSON AND MR. AGASSIZ OF THE EXPEDITION



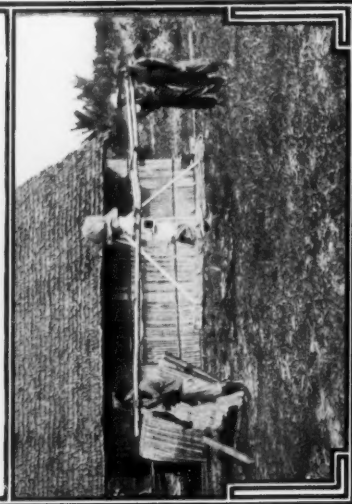
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PHOTOGRAPHING THE SECRET PHASES OF THE SUN'S ECLIPSE IN A SAVAGE LAND

THE AMHERST EXPEDITION to photograph the eclipse of the sun, determine the permanence of the solar corona, and investigate many other important secrets of that heavenly body for the benefit of little nites of humanity, had to wend its way to savage lands—where it has returned with a wealth of knowledge and many interesting pictures.

The Lingga group of islands adjoins Sumatra on the east. Singapore is one hundred and seventy miles distant to the northwest. Lingga is governed by a Sultan, a Mohammedan. The islands belong to Holland. From Singapore to Singkep, the capital island of the group, some twenty expeditions took positions on May 18, 1901, to observe the solar eclipse. Padang and Paiman, Sumatra, were the central points of interest to most of the expeditions.

Disaster in the shape of clouds, foiled many of the horde of observers, and destroyed the mission of many golden dolars that had been raised to do the eclipse the most extensive honors ever accorded to such a spectacle. Professor David P. Todd, in charge of the Amherst College Expedition which went around the world, a veteran among eclipse observers, was not to be caught by concentration of his forces and instruments. He went forth prepared to gather in the eclipse. Although three of his stations, including his own, were shut out by clouds, the fourth had the best of luck. Away on the outer, southernmost edge of the expedition on the island of Lingga not a cloud obscured the sky. At this point his volunteer observer, the Baron van Boetzelaer, Assistant Resident at Tandjong Boeton, with a Ross lens of one and one-half inches, caught twenty-eight photographs during the totality of six minutes and twenty seconds. The photographs show a close similarity to the eclipse of May, 1900, observed at Topoli, Barbary. North Africa, by Professor Todd, and prove that the general features of the solar corona are quite permanent—a most important result.

A photograph of the sun, 870,000 miles across, with a corona increasing the total diameter to 2,000,000 miles, is necessarily a small affair. The solar camera is placed on top of an elongated hollow box. The reflector, or mirror, is located on the ground at the base of the box. The mirror moves automatically with the sun. It constantly reflects the solar movements up through the box to the camera. At intervals of ten seconds, the shutter of the camera opens automatically and the reflection is photographed. The camera plates pass along on an endless chain, receiving their impressions with mathematical precision, and are deposited in a dark room or dark box.

Professor Todd invented a mechanical commutator, of simple and accurate construction, which works the reflector, draws slides, opens shutters, exchanges plates, sends signals and in fact performs all the labor for the astronomer and leaves him to contemplate the eclipse through a smoked glass.

A big glycerine clock controls the motion of the 12-inch Lyman reflector by means of a 500-pound radial arm. The drums around which the endless cords were wound that worked the camera were made of old oil cans. The heads on the cords which clicked, or opened and shut the camera to let the plates out and in, were secured from the Malay Molamulans' strings. The glycerine clock was made of old junk. The 500-pound radial arm was borrowed from the tin mine railway. The motive power of the commutator comprised two Malays. This out of rude materials Professor Todd perfected the finest automatic apparatus to observe the eclipse mechanically that was ever put up in the field.

When the eclipse shut out the sun the Malays fled from their floats, dredges, tin mines, tobacco fields and other labor, heading for tom toms and casting themselves on their faces. When the vivid coal and black passed and normal light returned, the natives, astonished to find themselves still far from heaven, returned to their respective duties.



PROF. DAVID P. TODD

FROM DATA AND PHOTOGRAPHS SECURED AND PUBLISHED BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR TODD, ASTRONOMER-IN-CHIEF OF THE EXPEDITION

THE NEW TRANS-PACIFIC CABLE

By W. C. JAMESON REID, Author of "The Political and Commercial Future of Asia," Etc., Etc.

GREATEST ENGINEERING PROBLEM OF MODERN TIMES



A CABLE TRENCH

MERCHANT in San Francisco has occasion to wish immediate communication with a correspondent in Manila or any other large port on the eastern coast-line of Asia; our government in Washington has urgent necessity to transmit some official business of great importance to our civil or military authorities in the Philippines. Or, reverse the conditions: any one of a thousand and one unforeseen political or commercial exigencies may arise wherein immense business or official interests in our colonies in the Far East are at stake and jeopardized until instructions shall have been received from the United States, where immediate cable communication is necessary. At the present time, to take a possible case, a merchant in San Francisco wishes to countermand an order for a large consignment of goods from Auckland, New Zealand—the costliest place to which to cable. Leaving aside the enormous rate of toll, \$2.86 a word, a message of this character to be transmitted would be obliged to travel across the United States from San Francisco to New York, then to London over one of the Atlantic cables, and then be forwarded successively over the lines of the Eastern Telegraph Company and the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company to Suez, Aden, Bombay, Singapore, Adelaide and Sydney to Auckland. In short, in order for a message to be sent between two points only 8,000 miles apart it would be necessary for such a message to pass over a distance of 26,276 miles, or more than the circumference of the earth.

When one considers the remarkable strides that have been taken during the last quarter of a century in every line of scientific and commercial endeavor, it seems almost impossible to explain the incredible apathy manifested, not only by our government but by shrewd capitalists, toward the spanning of the Pacific Ocean by a cable, a project fraught with such beneficial possibilities to our world-wide commercial and industrial growth as to commend itself at once to even the most superficial investigator. Yet, although almost every other ocean, sea or other large body of water on the globe has been laid under tribute to modern civilization's indomitable energy and skill, and while almost every little port and hamlet in the world is by the wonderful mystery of "the transmitted word" brought to the very doors of its neighbor on the other side of the globe; while man is taxing brain, ingenuity and patience in annihilating space by successive conquests of earth, sea and sky, the opening of the twentieth century finds the Pacific Ocean—the largest body of water on this planet, the great highway of trade between the East and the West, the linking bond between the oldest of the continents and the newest—still remaining unspanned by a single cable. Nor are there any more expeditions means of communication between its opposite shores than by steamships or by expensive and unnecessary telegraphing around the world. The conditions are analogous to those which would be in vogue were telegraphic facilities between two such great commercial centres as New York and Chicago in such a primitive state as to render it necessary for a message from the former city to the latter to be transmitted successively to and from New York to New Orleans, to Galveston, to Santa Fe, to San Francisco, and thence eastward again over nearly the expanse of the continent to the Illinois metropolis.

A PROJECT OF ENORMOUS VALUE

It is gratifying to note, however, that during the last few years there has been a suddenly awakened interest in the project of Pacific cable construction. Commercial and government authorities now recognize fully the absolute necessity of such a speedy means of communication to keep in close contact with our Eastern possessions and other parts of Asia where we have trade and political interests involved, if we are to make the most of a newly inaugurated era of great national activity. It now seems certain, with the immense pressure being brought to bear on the question by public men, those interested in trade relations with the East, and military and naval officials, that the Pacific cable project will be brought prominently before Congress during its coming session.

President McKinley was an earnest champion of a Pacific cable, and in each of his successive messages to Congress strongly advocated any legislation which would advance the project to practicable consummation. There is every reason to believe—in fact he has openly expressed his intention of heartily supporting the movement—that President Roosevelt is as keenly alive to its economic and political possibilities, and this hearty approval of the Chief Executive, together with the known fact that a large majority in both Houses are favorable to the scheme, would warrant the prediction that a few years more, at the utmost, will see the material fruition of this eminently necessary and comparatively easily solved engineering problem, bringing Asia to our very doors. Additional weight is lent to this belief by the fact that it is no longer a question of choice, but one of absolute necessity, an indispensable instrument in the development of our expanding com-

merce in the Far East if we are not going to outrage every principle of national common-sense and stultify the economic possibilities which we have captured and brought to our hands by strenuous and costly efforts.

The sentiment throughout the country—as reflected in the public prints and the commendatory resolutions passed from time to time by the various Boards of Trade—is overwhelmingly in favor of one or more cable lines across the Pacific; and this being the case it is unlikely that Congress will withhold the legislation necessary to make it an accomplished fact. The world has waited long for it, but at length the end appears in sight. The century which has just drawn to a close has been so remarkably prolific in wonderful achievements that the world, instead of, as of yore, welcoming each succeeding feat with amazement and ardor, has come now to regard the new as something that is a matter of course. But, meaningless as it may be to the uninitiated, it is by no means outraging the facts in the premises to hazard the statement that the completion of the trans-Pacific cable will entitle it to pass into history as one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times. This may seem hyperbolic praise, but it is praise shared in by cool, calculating and level-headed business men, engineers and mechanical geniuses, who are not easily swayed by considerations of mere sentiment.

Nevertheless, in spite of the stupendousness of the task and its necessity to our national growth, it is a subject on which Americans, outside of those acquainted with the inwardness of projected governmental purposes, have received little enlightenment, excepting for infrequent paragraphs obscured in out-of-the-way corners of public prints. With the lack of knowledge has grown the ensuing lack of interest; the ability of the Pacific cable project to force itself upon public attention in spite of this apathy is the strongest argument for its necessity and utility.

A WONDERFUL ENGINEERING FEAT

Many of the present generation have a vivid remembrance of the furor occasioned by the successful laying of the first Atlantic cable, a monument that will stand for all time as a potent tribute to American skill and indomitable ingenuity. But as compared with the cable construction planned on the Pacific—or, to be more precise, in the Pacific—it sinks into insignificance. Leaving aside all other considerations, and touching on the single point of mileage alone, some idea of the enormity of the undertaking may be gained when the fact is considered that the shortest cable route possible of construction, joining us in direct communication with Asia, will exceed 7,000 miles, or three times as long as the longest cable now spanning the Atlantic Ocean. Or, to bring one to a more concrete realization of the enormity of this enterprise, the following comparative facts seem well-nigh appalling: A stretch of cable to span the distance from San Francisco to Manila will aggregate, allowing for sinkage and the necessary deflections to intermediate stopping-places, 6,807 miles. Ordinary three-strand cable, such as is used upon the Atlantic, weighs five pounds per linear foot. The total weight of a single cable line to Manila, therefore, would be 89,852 tons. This is over seven times the gross tonnage of our largest battleships; or, what may perhaps appear more startling, is equal to the combined weight of the entire human population of New York City. To lay this enormous span of cable without a break would require a cable-laying ship with a capacity for storing and a size surpassing that of the *Great Eastern* twelve times. To the lay mind such figures are startling; but the question of the enormity of the project is that which concerns modern engineering enterprise the least.

Although popular attention has not been widely drawn to the subject, our government has been for years interested in the subject—in fact had made tentative advances looking to the construction and maintenance of a cable across the Pacific a number of years before such a possibility as being drawn politically into affairs in the Far East had been dreamed of by the most far-sighted prophet. The necessity for instant telegraphic communication between our Pacific Coast and Hawaii—the strategic point on any Pacific cable over which we may wish to exercise control—has been brought repeatedly to the attention of Congress at successive sessions by Executive messages since 1885. Before the overthrow of Queen Liliuokalani in January, 1893, a Hawaiian cable was desirable. After the establishment of the Hawaiian Republic, it was highly necessary. Now, however, that American expansion in the Far East has become a fact, such a line, continued clear across the Pacific, is indispensable.

ISLANDS FOR TELEGRAPH POLES

An interesting fact developed by what preliminary surveys have already been made under the authorization of the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department is that, notwithstanding the far greater distance traversed, the construction of a Pacific cable presents many features which simplify the situation and which are not to be found in Atlantic cable construction. Chief among these are the number of islands of large size, and what is almost of equal value in cable construction, upraised portions of the ocean's bed which are placed with studious exactness across the Pacific. While, therefore, the entire span of cable necessary to bridge the intervening distance of nearly 7,000 miles from San Francisco to Manila is largely in excess of that required to link together opposite sides of the Atlantic, the abundant presence of these intervening

islands and ocean shallows, forming a sort of series of natural telegraph poles, does not require that the cable shall be suspended at such depths as in the Atlantic, rendering the work of laying it much easier and in a great measure obviating the chances of its frequently breaking and being lost while in process of laying, one of the most vexatious and exasperating accompaniments of cable-laying.

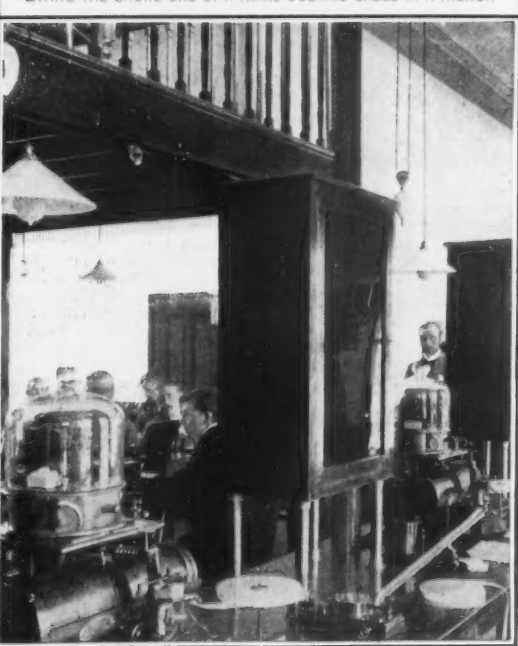
THE "BUSINESS END" OF A CABLE LINE



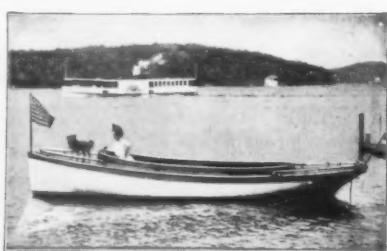
CABLE STEAMER "FARADAY," CAPTAIN LE FAME, LANDING A CABLE END



LAYING THE SHORE END OF A TRANS-OCEANIC CABLE IN A TRENCH



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THE NEW TRANS-PACIFIC CABLE

Although any number of preliminary surveys, extending over a number of years, have been made, those made in 1891 and again in 1900 by the Hydrographic Office of the navy, are the only ones of importance.

From the Hawaiian Islands westward to Manila several good routes have been discovered in the course of preliminary surveys, but that which seems to present the best features, although not perhaps the most direct, leads from Honolulu to Wake Island, over which our flag now flies, by way of the Midway Islands, an additional distance of 2,044 miles; thence from Wake Island to Guam, 1,293 miles further, and the last span from Guam to Manila, 1,350 miles. This would make the aggregate length of the cable from San Francisco to Manila 6,807 miles. When one considers the cost entailed and the enormous amount of patience and labor involved in carrying through such a tremendous project the thought might naturally suggest itself that it would be advisable, after leaving Hawaii, to lessen the total cost and save time and energy by pursuing a more direct route to Manila than by deflecting the course of the cable so frequently.

THE LONGER ROUTE DESIRABLE

There are two potent reasons to be advocated in favor of the first-mentioned route. The first is that which is perhaps of most vital concern, viz., that by following the line advocated by the Hydrographic Office survey the cable will not be obliged to land at territory or cross territory other than that owned and controlled by the United States. The value of this feature is patent at a glance.

This is the most important reason why the longer route from Hawaii to Manila, paradoxical as it may seem, is in the end the better one. Furthermore, the former route, from an engineering point of view, is more practicable. Directly southwest of Hawaii, for a distance of over a thousand miles, the bed of the Pacific makes a tremendous drop, forming a gigantic caldron in spots so deep that it has been impossible to sound to the bottom. These conditions are the worst possible for cable laying, and competent engineers have computed that the distance saved by following this direct route would be nullified by the increased labor of laying and the chances of frequent breakage and loss of cable.

The surveys that have already been made disclose but two serious obstacles in the route which has virtually been decided upon. Fortunately, while their presence will add to the total expenditure, they can be avoided or overcome without any serious results. The first of these obstacles is a short and curious submarine range of mountains—a short distance west of the Midway Islands, rising from the floor of the ocean at a depth of 3,200 fathoms to within 82 fathoms of the surface. The second obstacle is one of the deepest marine abysses yet found in the world, five hundred miles east of Guam. The depth of water there is more than 4,900 fathoms, or over five and two-thirds miles.

The preliminary surveys have disclosed that several active volcanoes lie close to, or in, the natural ocean lane extending from San Francisco to Honolulu. It is possible to evade these, however, by short detours.

McKINLEY FAVORED A CABLE

In February of 1899 President McKinley sent a special message to Congress urging the construction of a cable from the coast of California to Honolulu, to be used for military, naval and postal purposes. A few weeks later he supplemented this by reurging the previous project and suggesting, in addition, the imperative necessity of continuing the cable to Guam and the Philippines. Congress reported favorably a provision drawn at the Navy Department, and ordered the Secretary of the Navy to proceed without delay to make the necessary soundings and surveys and to gain an estimate of the necessary expenditure. The result of the surveys has already been told. Now as to the cost.

In the succeeding report of the Hydrographic Office, intrusted with the preliminary work, the total expenditure necessary was computed from the cost of the first link from San Francisco to Honolulu. The limit of cost for this link was placed at \$2,500,000, the report being based on the present cost of making and laying ocean cables—about \$1,200 a linear mile. This would make the aggregate expense of a cable across the Pacific to Manila \$8,168,400. Added expense for equipment and unforeseen conditions would doubtless swell this figure by \$331,600, making the total outlay in round numbers \$8,500,000. These figures are large enough to appal the conservative individual who has neither the time nor the inclination to give an eye to the direct financial and commercial benefits which will ensue. Experts in a position to know whereof they speak have no hesitancy in declaring that, aside from its valuable features as a military and commercial adjunct, it will be a good business investment. Since our occupation of the Philippines the

expense of transmitting cable messages dealing with government business alone has been enormous, in three years aggregating nearly \$2,000,000. This would be almost enough to pay the entire cost of the first and longest link from San Francisco to Honolulu. At the present time the governmental rate of cabling to Manila is \$2.25 a word, but a slight reduction from the ordinary rate of \$2.40 a word. Not only is it expensive (in emergencies it has been necessary to pay as high as \$7.10 a word), but owing to the long distance traversed, and the making of frequent connections and shifting of messages from one line to the other, the present service is imperfect and unsatisfactory. These features must all be considered in drawing attention to the utility of a Pacific cable. In the first place, owning and controlling the cable, all government messages would be transmitted free. Putting the cable cost of official business at the low figure of only \$500,000 annually, the direct saving to the government each year would pay for the entire cost of construction of a cable from San Francisco to Manila inside of twenty years.

The United States is not alone in having a material interest in the project of a Pacific cable. At the present time a company subsidized by the British Government is projecting such a line by way of New Caledonia and New Zealand to the Fiji Islands and Fanning Island.

An idea as to the value and necessity, not only to the United States but to the world at large, of a trans-Pacific cable may be gleaned from the statements of experts to the effect that the construction of a single line to Manila—where cables from the mainland of Asia already converge—of 6,807 miles will render obsolete over 20,000 miles of cable now in use, by reason of the quicker, less cumbersome and less expensive method of linking the eastern coastline of Asia with the American Continent. In addition it will have the effect of bringing into closer civilized and commercial relationship the extremes of the earth, permitting of a rapid acceleration in reciprocal interchange of interests, and will have an effect upon the political and economic welfare of the United States almost incalculable.

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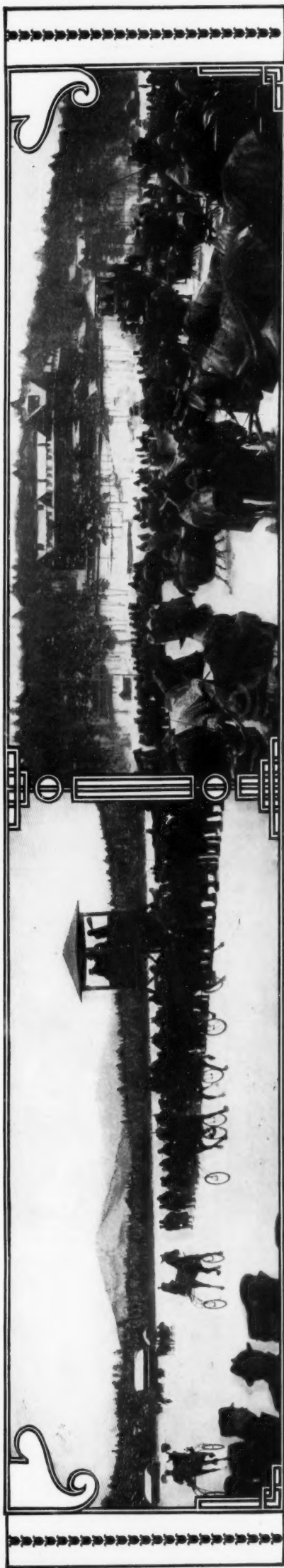
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SOME FAMOUS ROADSTERS TROTTING ON THE ICE AT SARANAC LAKE.—During the winter months numerous contests are held on the ice at Saranac. The ones which attract the most attention are the trotting contests, which are participated in by representatives of many of the best known private stables in the country.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR Edited by Walter Camp

SARANAC LAKE
The Annual Winter Carnival at Saranac Lake resulted in some most interesting events. The subject of our illustrations—trotting on the ice—was most exciting and gives a suggestion of what might be enjoyed on some of the good stretches on the Hudson or the Shrews, or even nearer New York, provided the weather was severe enough to render the ice of safe thickness. It is surprising to note the number of people who turn out at these events. Aside from horse-racing, hockey, figure skating and racing on skates, many other ice pleasures are enjoyed on Saranac Lake.

The third week in January was a capital week for ice yachting, and the open spaces along the Shrewsbury saw plenty of sport. One of the most interesting of the races was one of 124 miles over the triangular course at Goose Neck, under the auspices of the South Shrewsbury Club. The conditions were excellent, and the two competing boats were but three seconds apart at the finish, Mildred defeating Leroy, the holder of the championship pennant of the river. On the following day, in a three-cornered race, Mildred again won, defeating Leroy and Baby Ruth.

Mildred is owned by Commodore Morris, and Leroy by E. E. Tauber; Baby Ruth by Charles Gibbons. Seaman's Harrell defeated Prince's Shrewsbury over the fifteen-mile course, making the distance in forty minutes and thirty seconds; while on Saturday Harrell defeated E. W. Rod's Florence and Jesse Potter's Ghost. At the North Shrewsbury ten-mile race for yachts of the third and fourth classes the winners were Edward Asay's Daisy and Augustus Haviland's Nancy Hooks.

Curling is becoming more and more popular at Van Cortlandt Lake, not as yet the principal contestants are Scotchmen. Few people in the vicinity of New York know that there is a Grand National Curling Club of America with a medal, called the Dalrymple medal, which has been played for now some twenty-five times between North and South Scotland curlers; the South Scotland having held the prize fourteen times and the North eleven times. The North Scots held it last year, after winning it the previous year, but last month were obliged to yield it to their rivals from the South. There were four runs on each side, and the total result was 57 points to the players from the South against 50 to the North.

The annual show of the New York Poultry Pigeon, and Pigeon Stock Association held the boards at Madison Square Garden last month and kept the judges hard at work, at the same time furnishing lots of sport for the spectators. There was a time when college

men used to keep game chickens and steal out late at night with certain moving things under their coats, seek the shelter of some society hall, and there have a cock fight. But the days are changed, and several colleagues are now keeping, in addition to their interest in dogs and horses, small poultry farms and exhibiting at the shows.

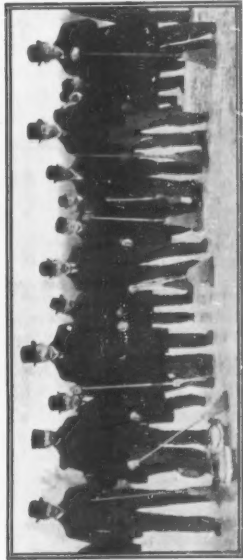
The women were greatly interested in the cat department. There were all species, including Angora, Manx, and Persian.

The judges confirmed one old tradition of our youth by determining that green eyes are the only proper color for cats of mixed color. The show was a success, but protests from the owners of Indian games at the judging of their fowls resulted in the refusal of these classes and the setting aside of the original awards. The interest in the cats resulted in the formation of a new club, the Atlantic Cat Club, which, with the Pacific Cat Club of San Francisco and the Beresford Club of Chicago, and a promised consolidation of the three, promises a strong organization.

FOUR-MILE RACE

In a recent paragraph regarding four-mile boat races, an error was made in attributing the views to Major-General Bancroft. It was his son, a member of a recent Harvard varsity crew, who wrote the opinion to which reference was made. It gives the writer pleasure to add, on the assurance of General Bancroft, that, contrary to the story reported in a recent issue of this column, to the effect that in a scratch race a professional crew defeated the Harvard crew in the seventies, the Harvard crews of '77, '78, and '79 were unbeaten either by professional or amateur crews.

CURLING AT VAN CORTLANDT LAKE—SOUTH VS. NORTH SCOTLAND



SOUTH SCOTS, WINNERS OF THE DALRYMPLE MEDAL

HOCKEY:
The first game of the intercollegiate hockey championship series, played at the St. Nicholas rink between Yale and Princeton, resulted in a decisive victory for the former, although the superiority of the Yale team was not really made manifest until the second half. The play was not strikingly scientific, and hardly up to the standard of the intercollegiate contests of last season, although at times the New Haven showed promise.

The work of the Princeton team was occasionally brilliant in individual play, but the players seldom showed any reliance upon one another, and were inaccurate when it came to goal shooting. As soon as the game opened, Yale carried the puck rapidly up to the Princeton goal and almost scored; but Brown, the Princeton goal keeper, stopped the puck from Nevins' shot, whereupon Farnell, the Princeton forward, carried the puck the length of the rink, although he failed to send it through. All this happened in the first minute of play, and stirred up the excitement.

Once more Princeton ran the ball down to the Yale net; but the defence was too strong, and after nearly fifteen minutes of play human carried the puck down, passed it cleverly to Nevins, who shot it over to Snow, who made a clean drive and the first score for Yale. A couple of minutes after, human came down again with the puck, and tried a shot; but Brown, the Princeton goal tender, stopped it. All in vain, however, for Nevins, who was following close behind, sent it through. That was all the scoring of the first half.

In the second, Yale added five more, the game becoming rougher. Princeton still played an individual game, while Yale improved somewhat in her team play. Ogden got a bad crack over the eye from the puck, a little later Farnell was ruled off for hitting Snow, the Yale

forward. The game ended with the score 7 to 0 in Yale's favor.

ST. NICHOLAS HOCKEY:
The St. Nicholas Skating Club defeated the Brooklyn Hockey Club at Clermont Avenue Rink by a score of four goals to three. Up to this match, it had been noted by all the followers of the game that the tendency to roughness was on the increase, but in this contest there seemed to be some more regard for the courtesies of the sport, although in the second half there was a good deal of knocking about, and tempers were occasionally a little ruffled. Thirteen minutes passed before any scoring was done, and then Gordon of St. Nicholas put a dash into Brooklyn's net just after the second half had begun. Palmer, again for St. Nicholas, shot a goal. With a score of 2 to 0 against them, the members of the Brooklyn club came up to their work nicely, and between Kennedy and Shiebler, Brooklyn scored twice. With the game a tie, Stoddard made the cleverest run of the evening, getting through pretty much all the Brooklyn team, and working the puck through the goal after carrying it up within six feet. Not long after he repeated his carrying trick, and showed good judgment in passing to Gordon, who put the puck through. With a score of 4 to 2 against her, Brooklyn struggled hard, but could only get one more goal before time was called.

Harvard defeated Columbia at the St. Nicholas rink, although the game, owing to the remarkable uphill work of Columbia, was far closer than had been expected or was indicated by the early part of the struggle. Harvard was without the services of Goodridge, but in spite of that she ran up three goals, Winsor, Rumsay and Pruyn scoring in succession. But here good playing by the Blue and White redeemed them from what looked like annihilating defeat for Wall scored twice, and later, after Harvard had added another goal, Columbia scored for the third time.

HARVARD AT LAKE WHITNEY

While Harvard has in the past used Spy Pond as a place for hockey practice, the Yale teams have made use of Lake Whitney, and are still confined to that sheet of ice for such practice as they may require. As the lake lies within fifteen minutes' ride of the college buildings, and furnishes as a rule a pretty fair skating surface during the winter, it is not such a great hardship. Furthermore, the trial is somewhat lessened by the fact that the lake is a most attractive place for other skaters, and when the ice is at its best an immense sport for an afternoon's sport can be found.

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YALE HOCKEY TEAM WHICH DEFEATED PRINCETON

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA BASEBALL

More interest is being taken in baseball at the University of Pennsylvania this season than for a number of years. There are several reasons for this, but the most prominent is that there has been more or less talk on both sides of the renewal of baseball relations between Pennsylvania and Yale. If this should come about the preparation for the contest would add greatly to baseball interest in Philadelphia. Irwin has been acting as coach of the nine for some years, and, although he has been ill this winter, will undoubtedly be well enough to handle the men as soon as the season opens.

Last year Pennsylvania made a most excellent record, winning twenty-one games out of twenty-five, the four defeats being suffered, one at the hands of Georgetown, two from the Harvard nine, probably the strongest on the diamond in the college arena, and one from Lehigh. Of last year's men she will probably lose three and possibly four. Leyton has played four years, so he will drop out, while Captain Flavell and her first baseman, Jones, have finished their courses. There is considerable new material and prospects are bright.

BASKET-BALL

The public reads much during the winter months of contests in basketball, and the number of games played during the winter season is such as to make one wonder how it was that such an interesting sport was not developed long ago, for the



ON WHITNEY LAKE—YALE TEAM PRACTICING

game is practically but ten years old, having its origin at the Y.M.C.A. training-school at Springfield in 1891. Dr. James Naismith, now physical director at the University of Kansas, but originally from Ontario, and a graduate of McGill College, was at that time studying in the training-school, and it was due to his efforts, together with those of Dr. Luther Gulick, who was at that time an instructor in the Springfield school, and who is now chairman of the Basketball Committee of the A.A.U., that the game was devised. Dr. Gulick and Dr. Naismith wished to avoid the roughness of football and yet secure its all-round athletic exercise. They wished also to have a game in which skill and science should abound, a game which could be played by many and yet which should prove an attractive contest. Some talk had been raised about the introduction of Swedish educational gymnastics to take the place of games in children's school recess, and this gave rise to a discussion as to the value of games.

It was under these conditions that basketball was started. Typewritten rules were hung up in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium and some of the boys there started in to play the game. It was soon demonstrated that the game was interesting; also, that it gave an opportunity for plenty of exercise and skill. Owing to its origin in the Y.M.C.A. training-school, it had a particular tendency to spread along Y.M.C.A. lines. But it is safe to say that there is hardly a gymnasium in the country now where basketball is not played. More than that, it is played not only by the boys but by the girls and, in some colleges and institutions, by the faculty members as well. The writer remembers at one university a prominent professor having a rib broken in the excitement and violence of the sport.

The game is simple and it takes no long study to learn the rules, nor is it necessary for a spectator to spend any great time in acquiring sufficient knowledge of the play to understand its principles. It may be played upon any level surface—turf, sand, or floor. For the best accommodation of the players the space should be fifty by seventy-five feet. A goal is placed at each end, and these goals are what give the name to the sport, for they are baskets deep enough to catch the ball and eighteen inches in diameter. Each basket is placed at a height of ten feet from the surface. The ball is thirty-one inches in circumference and weighs from eighteen to twenty ounces. The object of the game is to put the ball as often as possible into the basket of the enemies' goal, at the same time preventing them from accomplishing their end of depositing the ball in the opposite basket.

The game is commenced by the official tossing the ball into play in the middle of the playing surface. Whenever the ball goes out of bounds it is also tossed in, but never by the player who first secures it, or, rather, touches it. Players are not allowed to carry, kick or hold the ball, or tackle, hold or push an opponent. Nor is it permissible to strike, kick, shoulder or trip an opponent. When a foul has been made the play is at once stopped and the offended side has a free throw at the basket of the opponents from a distance of fifteen feet. This is the only penalty for the first class of fouls, but for the second division, as indicated above, or for unnecessary roughness, upon the second offence, the player is excluded from the game. The play usually lasts two twenty-minute halves, with a ten-minute intermission. The game is usually played with five men on a side.

A goal secured in the regular course of play scores two points, while a goal made from a foul scores but one. In case of a tie at the end of the second twenty minutes play continues until one side secures two points. The officials are a referee, two umpires, a scorer and a timekeeper. The referee is judge of the ball, that is, he determines when it is in play and to whom it belongs. He also tosses the ball when it is put in play. The umpires call the fouls.

COLUMBIA ATHLETICS AND ROWING

At Columbia the management of athletics is receiving especial attention. The financial system has straightened out the majority of money troubles, while on the students' side steps have been taken toward further improvements. The interest just at present centres around the football and rowing quarters, the problem connected with the first being the question of coach for next season, and, with the second, foreign relations, if they may be so termed. Hanlan, the coach of the crew, strongly favors a trip in response to the invitation to row in Ireland next summer. As opposed to this, it is said to be the better judgment of the most interested rowing graduates that Columbia shall put off a trip abroad until next year, but be planning it now and definitely determining to enter a crew at the Henley Regatta of 1903. Still another very taking plan was reported to be under consideration by Francis S. Bangs of Columbia, Frederick D. Colson of Cornell and Thomas Reath of the University of Pennsylvania, the stewards of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association, which means, in plain terms, the committee that manages the Poughkeepsie regatta, looking toward placing the date of the Poughkeepsie race somewhat earlier, throwing it back into June, and, before the race is rowed, raising the funds to send the winning crew, no matter which crew it is, to the English races. The stewards have, however, disclaimed this project, stating that their duties are to be confined solely to the management of the Poughkeepsie regatta.

Such a plan would be the best yet devised for lending additional interest to the races on the Hudson. The attraction of a possible trip abroad would be a strong one to many crews, and would not only increase interest in the race but most decidedly increase the number of candidates presenting themselves.

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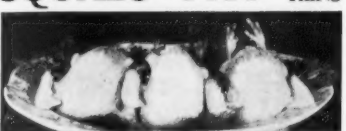
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